ARVIRAGVS AND PHILICIA.

by Lodowick Carlell, Esq.

As it was acted at the Private House in *Black-Fryers* by his Majesties Servants.

The first and second Part.

LONDON,
Printed by JOHN NORTON, for *John Crooke*, and *Richard Sergier*, and are to be sold at the Grey-hound in S. *Pauls* Church yard. 1639.

The Prologue.

VVEe promis'd you a new Play by our bill,
And some dares promise us since ere 'tis ill,
Hard fate, prejudicat opinion thus,
Makes you lesse pleas'd, and needs must ruin us:
Nor can our Poets have a heart to write,
When their most weighty works you will find light,
But this does with the ages Genius fit,
Where still the lookers on claims all the wit,
The silly writers justly stil'd, whose brains
For you distill'd, skorne is their greatest gains:
These tho they breath your Aire, injoyes your Sun.
Hath equall parts, comparisons must shun
With you their judges; you have paid, are free,
And like some judges still Condemners be;
Or else yee grieve, for to that end you came,
Ill natures glorie in a Poets shame.
This to the bold, and ignorant, but where?
Here's none, none that beleeves he's such Ile sweare
Since all then are discreet, or such would seeme,
Nought but a generall pardon can redeeme

The Authors judgement, fortified in this,
By forcing all to marke what is amisse:
Where by an humble and submissive way,
The Prologue might please some, if not the Play.
I some, tis true, and who hath yet pleasd all?
Who had that aime, expreſt his wit but small.
Theres enough said, thoſe that can judge of playes
Will finde as little to dislike, as praiſe.

ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA.

Enter SINATVS and ADRASTVS.

ADRASTUS.

I Wonder much *Sinatus* that no messenger comes from th' Armie, and it so neere; tis a great oversight in the present Generall t' bee so slow in giving intelligence, I wis not wont t' doe so.

SINATUS.

Tis true indeed *Adrastus*, for some of your Souldiers was alwaies running homeward; either for feare or want of pay.

ADRASTUS.

Was that my fault, which feare in them, or necessity inforce? ? I had do mony sent when 'twas due.

SINATUS.

I thinke ye were indeed a month behind, but was not the Enemies Country open, scarce a troope of horse

drawne into the field, but few of foote, and cou'd ye thinke of pay from home? so thinke and gape after it, as in the expectation t' lose your opportunity: lie still, nay, suffer the enemie t'draw t'gether, and lodge betwixt you and this City; even t'th' danger of th' Princes person, and then steale hither t'complain your men forsooke yee.

ADRASTUS.

Did they not rise all in a mutinie? what cou'd I doe?

SINATUS.

Nay, you did well t' come, th' Gods bee ever prays'd for't, too long yee were a comming, for ye came about the safer way; but th' present Generall which your wisedome now finds fault with for slow intelligencer, necessity inforcing it, broke thorow that armie you avoyded, with a single troope, and with th' fiery bravery of his spirit soone thawd the ycie feares, that you their former Generall had frose about our souldiers hearts.

ADRASTUS.

Me Lord, ye have a priviledge to speake, yee know th' quall of your tongue, it wounds no man.

SINATUS.

Tho your Lordship hath expreste so little man in the discharge of your great employment, that you are safe where men are onely wounded, is't in th' nature of a Hare, or fearefull Deare, a man may draw blood of your Honour.

ADRASTUS.

You quickly shud repent this snarling *Sinatus*, did I thinke this a fit time for private brauls.

SINATUS.

He that shud not repent of his sinnes till you found a fit time to fight, were in an ill case for certaine.

Enter

Enter the King *and* Prince *reading letters.*

KING reads.

Royall Sir, your Enemies have tryed the force of your juſt Armes, and if not flye, retreat: your preſence cannot but bring an entire Victorie, the honour of which is laid downe at your Royall feet by your ſervant and ſcholler in armes.

Arviragus.

GUI.

From me, Sir, were theſe glories raviſh'd, in granting him the honour t'be your Generall againſt th' Danes, ſure *Arviragus* is your ſonne, and I ſome ſtranger to your blood; or ſo degenerate, that you beleeve I want courage, or judgment, t'reach, or execute your great deſignes, as well as he; for t'beleeve his vertue of it ſelfe coold act ſuch wonders, were t'forget your Glories won before he had a name, or intereſt in th' warre to my diſgrace.

KING.

My ſonne, be better temper'd, and yeeld as I did t'neceſſitie; what wiſe, or loving father wood have ſent his onely ſonne into an Armie filld with diſcontent, and mutinie, where thou wert liker t'become a ſacrifice to pleaſe their high ſwolne rage, than find obedience, without which, there's no uſuall way t'glory? that Armie moves t'its owne Funerall, that charges th'enemie with hearts divided.

GUI.

Sir, can ye thinke my preſence had not an equall power amongſt your naturall Subjects, t'ſettle what was out of order? ſmall is t'comfort I ſhall find hereafter t'be their King, if heaven ſhall call you firſt, yet *Arviragus*, a ſtranger, hath a precedence in their loves.

KING.

Not in their loves, my ſonne, I thinke not ſo, but in th'opinion of his fortune; Victory ſtill attending his moſt raſh, and heady actions: five ſeverall Battels hee hath won againſt our enemies, all ods of men or place unthought of, in his owne perſon acting wonders, as they call them; but I thinking t'let th'armie ſee t'was their joynt valour, number of men, and ancient diſcipline, gaind frequent victories, and not their Generalls valour, in ſtead of *Arviragus*, ſent as yee know, *Adraſtus*.

GUI.

And all Sir, as you order'd it, turn'd t' his greater glory: but I ſhall never looke on him, but as a Baſiliske, that killing quality; wee muſt divide betwixt us, wee cannot both breathe in one aire, his glories poyſon me to death.

KING.

My ſon, in thy deſires, as well as blood, till this expreſſion of thy thoughts thou wert not halfe ſo deare; I was afeard th'outward friendſhips twixt you and *Arviragus* had beene made reall by your bringing up toges ther, but now confirm'd in the opinion, and joying in thy juſt hatred to one ſo prejudiciall t' thy greatneſſe: know, from thy carefull father, this Monſter Giant *Arviragus*, that dwarfs our glories by his fatall growth, this ſonne of honour, ſo they call him, no longer ſhall eclips thy ſplendour, but ſet in blood and ruine, and on his Tombe th'amaſed world ſhall read an Epitath of foule ingratitude and treaſon.

GUI.

As how? th' meanes t' this?

KING.

Let it ſuffice t' know it when it is done, and reape th' proffit; the trouble and the danger both be mine.

Enter

Enter EUGENIUS.

Th' newes?

EUGENIUS.

Our Generall, Prince *Arviragus* returnes victorious, Th' Danes are fled back to there ſtrengths by his ſole valour overcome.

KING.

Eugenius wee beleeve thy valour and good conduct was equally availeable for us in this defeat, and one day thou mayſt know how much wee pryſe thee; *Adraſtus* waite us in our private Chamber. *Exit King.*

ADR. *Adraſtus*

I ſhall Sir. *others.*

GUI.

Sinatus here's a glorious victorie attaind, and with ſmall loſſe, *Arviragus* does ſo great ſervice t'th' ſtate, that no reward can equall.

SIN.

Yes, Sir, there's a reward will equall his deſerts, and well becone your interceſſion, and your fathers royall bountie, I meane his fathers principality; I am a witneſſe 'twas promiſ'd if he returnd victorious.

GUI.

Promiſes made upon neceſſitie can bind: no wiſe man t'performance. Beſides, he from my fathers mercy had his being, all he can performe is duty, and cannot claime a recompence.

SIN.

Yet promiſes of Princes (earthly Gods) like thoſe above, ſhood be performd for their owne truth and glory though not for our deſert.

GUI.

But *Sinatus* if they pleaſe to forget a Promiſe, I ſhood not thinke him wiſe wood force them to remember it.

SIN.

SIN.

Force ill becomes a subject, but humble truth shud not offend.

GUI.

But if th' sense be proud and haughtie, 'tis not th'humble sound of words that can excuse it: for know *Sinatus* t' thee I speake it that art a friend t' *Arviragus*, it will be dangerous for him but once t'thinke on that rash promise made by my father; there must not bee another Prince of Pictland than my selfe, if I be worthy to bee my fathers heire.

SIN.

There's none Sir, will dispute it.

GUI.

None dares.

SIN.

Not I, Sir: your pardon, if my freedome have offended in what I thought touch'd yours, and your royall fathers (honor.

GUI.

Can any thing more prejudice our honor, than deminution of our power?

SIN.

No power is strong or firme, that hath not Justice for its base, unlesse th' gods cou'd cease to be.

GUI.

One of their greatest attributes is power, and they delight t'see it exercis'd on earth, nor will I faile my part, if e're I come t' act their stroake of justice: why shud it light on me more then my father, who for prosperity in all his actions, is yet the wonder of the World?

SIN.

May a remaine such, and you succeed unto his happinesse; it is, and shall bee still my prayer: but Sir, my feares, if you doe things unjust, will not forsake me.

GUI.

Rather thy wiſh, than feare *Sinatus*; hee that's a friend t' *Arviragus*, I pronounce my enemie, if hee imbrace a thought of his fathers Principallity; if not, I am his friend, as formerly, ready to grant him any other honor: this if you tell him, ye ſhall not diſpleaſe me.

Exit.

SIN.

O *Arviragus*, I foreſee thy danger growing equall with thy glories: 'tis ſtrange that envie ſhould bee the child of Vertue, that or felicitie is ſtill one parent: but did a noble emulation fire this Princes blood, what brave effects, happy unto this ſtate, wud follow? where on the contrary, blood, and deſtruction will have, I feare, a mighty triumph: for *Arviragus* cannot but know his injuries, and his owne power t'righte 'em, having entire poſſeſſion of the ſouldiers hearts.

You Gods avert my feares, or let me be
Clos'd in my Urne, e're th'effect I ſee.

Exit.

Enter KING, ADRASTUS.

KING.

Thus *Adraſtus*, thou ſeeſt a way to my ſecurity, and thy revenge, and that thou mayſt be more confirm'd, I here pronounce him Traitour to me and to th'State, to quit thee from the guilt; only ſtrike ſure, I meane make thy choiſe wiſely, apt both thy inſtruments, and time for them t'act in.

AD.

Sir, feare not me, onely beleeve I not forget, tho the performance prove not ſudden; you know his ſtrength and courage; beſides your wiſe adverti ſement injoynes me to be wary.

KING.

I commit the affaire wholly t'thy diſcretion, honeſt *Adraſtus*:

ADR.

ADRA.

Your Majestie much honours mee, above my merit.

Exit.

KING.

Ile sweare I doe, for thou art a base coward, slave, and he that is so, can have nor faith, nor honestie: yet hetest for the imployment I have given thee, as one that hath already hatred 'gainst *Arviragus* from th' disgrace his last atchievements stick upon thee, and th' antipathy betwixt their natures, both which will helpe t' free mee from suspition; but I must adde another strength t' these. Who waits? I gave command *Sinatus* should be sent for, is a yet come?

LORD.

He waits without, Sir.

Exit.

Enter SINATUS.

KING.

Call him in.

Sinatus, let mee with thee rejoyce thou good old man, thy foster child, and my apt scholler, th' happie and obliegeing *Arviragus* is with his victorious army close by the walls, leading in triumph th Danish Generall. I long till I inclose within these aged armes, that miracle of men, and make him great, as hee is good and glorious.

SIN.

O Sir, how like your Royall selfe these words expresse you, Heavens, let these teares of joy, draw downe a blessing on this gracious Prince, you powers, how will the perfect vision of your goodnesse ravish us, when these your substitutes by actions, just and noble, beget such joyes both t' themselves and us!

KING.

Rise, how wood th' act perform'd transport this honest soule, that is thus ravish'd with the proposition?

Sinatus

Sinatus to thy care I here commit th' charge of his just triumph in entring the Citie, let there not want a circumstance that may expresse his welcome, and our joy to see him.

SIN.

But Sir, I feare the Prince.

KING.

O doubt him not, tis we are King.
See all prepard. *Exit. Sinatus.*
The glory *Arviragus* shall receive, will more encrease the Princes hate against him, if it be reall; tis possible it may not be so, he might dissemble to sift my thoughts, and if a love him, as hee in younger yeares hath seem'd do all with an intent to save him from my anger. When *Arviragus* was a child, to flatter with the Lords of Pictland, he had his bringing up with my owne sonne and daughter, amongst them, there seem'd to bee so strict an amitie, that it displeased me not a little; a broake that friendship not by force, but policy and might, thinking to over-reach them, cosen my selfe and they love yet each other; but sure my feares are vaine, *Guimatus* can not so much degenerate from me his father, to love him that supplants, and renders him contemptible to all my subjects,
That man does not deserve a princes name,
That lets a subject live to share his fame.
Th' gods themselves,
Did I but feare their splendour darkned mine,
Should have no Priest, nor offering at their shrine.

Enter GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

ARVI.

My best *Guiderius*, this letter from th' Princesse which thou hast brought mee, containes within such various matter of joy and sorrow, I cannot but communicate

it

it with thee, whose love and friendship hath been so usefull to me; there thou shalt find assurance of a love so great and noble, that I must blush t'think I have done so little to deserve it; but then againe she gives me notice of so unjust a hatred in her brother, that it begets my sorrow and amasement.

GUID.

It cannot be the Prince *Guimanthes* shud so reward your service done to him, as well as to his father.

AR.

Beleeve, as thou wou'dst doe th'sentence of an Oracle: comes it not from th'Princesse? the time fits not, at night I'le read it to thee. Goe now and bid *Eugenius* thy noble father advance the Troopes, and march in order with their prisoners, wee are close upon the Ports.

GUID.

I shall Sir. *Exit.*

AR.

So great a growth of vertue, and discretion in one so young shewes well whose son thou art; whether *Eugenius* hath more engaged me by his acts in warre, or this his sonne aiding me in my love, is yet a doubt. Pardon me love, that I doe not give sentence on thy side; wars glories does immediatly attend, but *Hymens* torches are not lighting yet.

Exit.

Enter EUGENIUS, GUIDERIUS *and others with the Generall, and other Captives, and Prisoners. They march halfe the Stage.*

Enter at the other doore, the KING, GUIMANTES, PHILICIA, ADRASTUS, *and others.*

Arviragus received by the King, crowned by the Princesse with a Garland, and so led off betwixt them.

Shout

Shout within.

Manet GUIMANTES, *and one other.*

GUI.

O my vext ſoule, muſt I endure this? can the joy of revenge when acted, make ſatisfaction? cou'd my juſt hatred, by ſpell, or incantation corrupt that wreath my officious ſiſter crown'd him with, give it a poiſonous qualitie, and kill him e're to morrowes Sunne; yet were a ſtill for me a proper marke of envy: what man is there can hope to bee immortall here? a glorious death then is th'higheſt wee can aime at; and that I feare, neither my fathers cunning, nor my hatred can deny this happie *Arviragus*. Th' tribute of th' peoples loves ſeald to him as his due, by th' permiſſion of this triumph is not by any act of grace or policie to bee recovered, but they will pay it, tho he were extinct unto his memory: his fame's now raiſd above the reach of calumnie; my fathers boaſted weapon for *Arviragus* ruin, ſuch tedious remedies ill fit th' deſperatneſſe of my diſeaſe, my honour's wounded to th'death.
Let age reſt on its proper helpe, and wound by art:
Force, youth becomes; this ſword ſhall pierce his heart.
Exit.

Enter ARVIRAGUS, *and* GUIDERIUS.

AR.

'Tis neere upon the time *Guiderius*, I would not have the Princeſſe come downe into th' Garden before us, it were as if a Deity ſhud wait the leaſure of a mortall.

GUI.

My deare Lord and Coſen, you that are lovers are

to

to familiar with the gods, and by that frequent similies touching on them, fully there exellence.

ARVI.

Not if we by th' beauty and perfections of th' Creature rayse up our thoughts to that more excellent from whence they have their being: but Sir I finde your cunning in taxing lovers, you wo'd remoove from me that jelousie you gave me by your last nights dream, When you so oft made mention of th' Princesse, and with such passion that if I were not very confident of her affection, I sho'd no longer trust you to visit her, least you supplanted me.

GUI.

I must confesse me *Lord* in' Prneesse *Letter* that you shewed me had in it such lively heat, such charming sweetnes, that since that time I have done nought but thinke on her and you, and that it seemes made me talke in my sleepe.

AR.

I doe beleeve it, for I know my joyes must needs bee thine.

GUID.

Or else I must not be my selfe, you are to me all that the gods can give man kinde to blesse him with on earth.

Enter 2 Murtherers.

AR.

Which love when I forget my deareſt Cosen, may these powers cease to take protection of me, a wretch become ungratefull to th' best of friends.

GUI.

What men are these? they doe not watch us sure, how ever lets not enter now, but seeme as if we went away from th' garden dore.

I.

1.

Lets not looſe this oppertunity, *Adraſtus* will make us rich for ever. *Exit* AR. *and* GUID.

2.

Doe not diſcharge the your Piſtoll till you be cloſe upon him, night ſhelters us. *Ex. Ambo.*

A Piſtoll ſhot off within

Enter one after him, ARVIRAGVS.

AR.

Villain and traitour——— *wounds him*———

I.

O I am juſtly puniſht——— *Dyes.*

AR.

My deare *Guiderius*, ſpeake where art thou?

Enter GVID. *here Sir, are you ſafe?*

AR.

Not hurt, nor you I hope.

GVID.

A ſcratch ſir, with th' villains ſword before he fled.

AR.

Where is your hurt?

GVI.

T'is not worth ſpeaking of, upon my hand, no more nor if I had cut my finger. But I beleeve to have ſtaind my mayd'n ſword in his beſt blood, I felt it pearce him.

AR.

This accident comes moſt unhappily to croſſe my meeting with th' Princeſſe, nor can I be aſſurd th' cauſe of this bloody attempt, whether by accidence, or from deſigne.

GVID.

GUID.

The Prince *Guimantes* cannot sure have a hand in this.

AR.

O doe not think it, come let me bring you
To my chamber.

GUID.

How Sir, will you neglect to meet th' Princesse?

AR.

I wud not, but your hurt?

GUID.

My hurt? wound mee no deeper by being a sharer of your discontent, in missing so great joyes as you expect.

AR.

I faine wud see you at my chamber drest.

GUID.

If I were in love I shud not be thus civill to a friend, and so uncivill to a Mistris; th' Princesse cannot but expect you, pray let us goe.

AR.

You shall not deare *Guiderius*, pray leave me.

GUID.

My heart misgives that some mis-fortune may fall out, pray let me wait upon you, my wound is nothing.

AR.

Leave me, or ye will make me jealous that ye are in love with *Philicia*, and for her sake, not mine, wud beare me company.

GUID.

This jesting to mee shall serve for earnest, since 'tis a full assurance you wo'not have me go, farewell.

AR.

I shall not long be from you, keepe close this accident that chance't, and so we may discover something that we know not.

GUID.

GUID.

I shall obey, th'Gods protect you.

EX. Ambo.

Enter PHILICIA.

PHI.

Faint hearted *Philicia*, how canst thou be so timorous? cannot th'thought of meeting him ('twixt whom and feare there's an antipathie) beget more confidence? if *I*, as he hath often swore, possesse the valiant heart of *Arviragus*, cou'd *I* thus tremble? a pistoll shot, but not at me; clashing of swords, yet *I* was safe; not, if my *Arviragus* were an actor, for then my heart may bleed in him; that, that begets my feare: 'twas neere the Garden wall, at our appointed time; some minutes now are past, yet he's not come; from which sad circumstance *I* wish my reason did not force mee draw a likelyhood of such misfortune, that proving true, *I* shall no longer wish to have a being.

I.

Oh, oh.

PHI.

Ye powers, save me from a dispaire, in which if *I* thus die, *I* shall blaspheme your justice, informe my doubtfull soule readie to take her flight, whose dying groanes these be: if it bee not my lovers, whisper it gently and restore my sense; but if those killing accents came from *Arviragus*, speak then in thunder, and confound me and my sense for ever,

I.

Oh——oh——helpe——helpe——

PHI.

Ah mee, what shall *I* doe to ease my torturd'd soule! doubt is a greater mischiefe than dispaire whilst it hath

bath being; Love be my guide, that I may be resolved, but how? the key which I shood open this doore with, I sent by young *Guiderius* for *Arviragus* passage, there being none but that and my fathers for this Garden.

Enter ARVIRAGUS, *opens a doore.*

Stay, flatter me not t'fast my joyes, sure th'doore opens, be true this once my senses; and let it be my love, and tho you oft hereafter shall deceive me.
I forgive yee.

AR.

Madam?

PHI.

O speake againe, that I may be assured.

AR.

Why, fairest Mistris, doe ye thinke any other
Can be so blest to meete you here but I?

PHI.

O my deare servant, pardon these feares that rise
From tenderness of you; I heard a pistoll shot,
And men fight, sure one's kill'd close by the
Garden doore.

AR.

Were you so soone come downe?

PHI.

Ha! so soone, why, did you heare it?

AR.

Yes, Madam, I did.

PHI.

But were not there, I hope?

AR.

Not in th' bullets way, I thanke th'Gods, but doe not spend this happy opportunity that takes addition from th'danger past, in questioning my safetie, since you see me here; where I must first upon my knee kisse this

fair

faire hand, that placed upon my head a wreath triumphant, th' vertue doubled from your touch, and what the gazing multitude did not permit to my discretion, th'placing it where it was onely due, yet here my soules devotion by my tongue proclaimes th faire *Philicia* Conquerour of him whom she did crowne, in which submission, if she be but pleased, shee againe crownes her servant with happinesse above all earthly Monarchs.

PHI.

My dearest servant, that I meet you thus alone, gives you assurance of my love, and confidence of your cleere vertue, more than a thousand oaths, twixt you and mee. Th'Ceremoniall part of love is long since past, we loved so much when wee were children, before wee knew in words how to expresse a passion, that now after so many degrees, to serve our selves with language, or professions, were justly to beget a doubt wee did not love, at least not as we ought, or else were ignorant of one anothers passions; which were a crime I hope we never shall be guiltie of.

AR.

Yet since, my dearest Mistris, nothing thats mortall but may receive additions in perfection, tis fit that we expresse a sense of their encrease: Wer't but in thankfulnesse unto th' Gods, much more when those excelling graces by a particular application are made my blessings, shood I expresse a joy, nay rapture, when I look on my owne wants of merit, made capable of such a blessing only from my truth of love.

PHI.

O doe not arrogate, my dearest *Arviragus*, unto your selfe, that which most properly belongs unto our Sex to love the best, for so you call in question th'excellencie of the subject, from whence the passion springs, and that (man) is th noblest creature, the Gods and Nature long since have determin'd.

AR.

AR.

What long since was determin'd, binds not the present, since there is nothing permanent on earth; but grant this privileg to such who pleaded it, and by that call in question their proper merit: no generall rule but does admit of an exception, for tho you were not in the opinion of the world, as indeed you are excellent above mankind, yet may you be to me all that my fancie can propose, and *I* shud love ye at that rate.

PHI.

*I*t seemes then that a transcendencie in love arise not so much from th'object that begets it, as from the apted puritie of that soule, and fancy where it is nourishd: if so, then certainly women love more than men, their fancie being equall, and th'disturbance of that fancie lesse, (in my particular at least undoubted) for whilest my deareſt *Arviragus* thought often of affaires of State and stratagems in Warre; *I* never had a thought but how to yeeld him mine, and conquer his most noble heart.

AR.

In which you have confer'd so great a blessing on your servant, that *I* shall not prophane th' powers, to say they cannot equall, nor add more than a confirmation: how shall *I* then confesse your merit lesse than mine, your power so great?

PHI.

'Tis not my power deare servant, but your acceptation makes it so great a blessing.

AR.

'Twill be presumption to confesse this, yet it will withall approve the height of my affection, which we disputed of.

PHI.

'Twill approve it such as *I* doe glorie in, for you have spoke my thoughts as well as yours.

AR.

AR.

Since then we have one soule, why shud our bodies longer be at distance?

PHI.

They shud not if I had my fathers power, what I can give is yours.

AR.

This faire soft hand, on which I take the boldnesse to print a zealous kisse, is yet denied me; so, as I dare scarce presume to aske it, least it shud shew too much selfe love.

Enter KING, ADRASTUS.

PHI.

Ah me! I feare we are betraied, there's some with lights come from my chamber, sure 'tis my father; what will he thinke?

AR.

Think that you love me, dearest Mistris, and not be angrie I must hope.

PHI.

But, deare servant, if it be possible, avoid his sight, as yet things are not ripe for a discovery; my brother may be there too: and what mischiefe his hatred may beget, I tremble but to think on: your passage is free to th'dore: I'le meet them.

AR.

Crosse Fate!
Not so much time allowed to bid farewell,
Partings of lovers is earths greatest hell.

Exit Arviragus.

KING.

What daughter, doe ye use to walk so late? or is this accident alone too; none of your maids worthie to keep you company.

PHI.

Sometimes there's none but wish to be alone, and this place, tho it be night, (you know Sir) is secure as my owne chamber.

KING.

Maids, they say, shud never bee alone, but when they pray.

PHI.

I sha'not lye Sir, to say I prayed since I came downe into this Garden, and doe so now, my love may not bee knowne.

KING.

Keepe some distance from us, wee'l walk a turne.

PHI.

O, I feare.

KING.

Thou knowest how dearly I have loved thee, and doe professe my care of thee is such, that I doe wish I cou'd bestow on thee a Kingdome for thy dowrie, tho with the hazard of my life I purchast it; in recompence of all my care that's past, and expectation of my future kindnesse; nay, as thou dost expect my blessing, and feareſt my curse, answer directly to what I shall aske thee.

PHI.

O I am ruin'd.

KING.

Why doest thou looke so pale, and shake so?

PHI.

To heare you muster up these feareſull conjurations, yet know not to what they possibilie may tend.

KING.

Why doest thou tremble so? bee more assur'd, I am thy father; no enemy that comes to circumvent thee, this unaccustomed feare makes me beleeve thou hast some guilt, thou wudst not have me know: but Ile not take th' more: Love.

PHI.

PHI.

Ha?

KING.

Love, and hate is that I come to question with thee of.

PHI.

With me? who shud I hate or love more than my dutie binds me?

KING.

'Tis of thy brothers love to *Arviragus*, his former love I meane, or present hate; whether thou think'st it only seeming, or beleeve'st it Reall; I know thy brothers soule is open to thee, and free, to me he's disguised: th' thought of this makes me conjure thee thus, that I may be assured, for from that knowledge will arise my safety and th' States, therefore upon my blessing speake truly thy thoughts.

PHI.

Then Sir, I dare confidently affirme my brother hates *Arviragus* more than he ever loved him; but with what Justice I leave it to your Majestie, the ground of his dislike not being possibly other than th' great service hee hath done for you and him.

KING.

'Twas his ambition daughter, not affection made him so forward in our cause, e're long his Treasons will appeare.

PHI.

What Treasons? I shall betray my selfe by passion.

KING.

Such as I did not thinke his youth, which was so full of goodnesse, cou'd ever have been poison'd with; you shall know more hereafter.

PHI.

I know to much already.

KING.

In this assurance you have oblig'd your father, daugh-

ter goe to your rest, I will to mine, and this is my neerest way to my chamber.

Exit Philicia.

1.

Stay Sir, here, not far from th' Garden dore, lies one dead, or asleep.

KING.

Let's see, bring him hither, call for more lights: this man is murthered, the wounds bleed fresh.

AD.

Tis he.

KING.

Strange, is not our Palace free from slaughter? who durst doe this?

Enter servants with lights, and one kild.

1.

Another, Sir, that we found dead hard by, and if I bee not mistaken, this was *Adrastus* servant.

ADRASTUS.

Ha, my servant? 'tis he unhappy wretch, it seems they quareld in drinke, or other waies, and so killd one th' other.

KING.

'Tis possible so, but not very likely, dispose their bodies, to morrow we'l examin better; had one of these been *Arviragus*, th' heavens had smil'd upon us, none cou'd have guest who did it, and wee had beene secure.

ADRASTUS.

Give me leave to wait upon you to your private chamber, there you shall know, who in all likelihood did murther these.

KING.

'Tis impossible you shud.

ADR.

ADRASTUS.

You will not thinke ſo, when you know theſe very men I did appoint to diſpatch *Arviragus*.

KING.

Ha, theſe men?

ADRASTUS.

Yes, Sir.

KING.

Were ſuch ſlaves fit to be truſted, that wud attempt, and faile?

ADRASTUS.

You ſee they have ſeal'd the intention with their blood, tho fortune favoured not.

KING.

Doe thou ſo too, effect what thou haſt undertaken, and that with ſpeed, or by th'Gods thou art like theſe.

The end of the firſt Act.

Enter SINATUS, EUGENIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* GUIDERIUS.

AR.

Sinatus, I have ſo many obligations to you, that I diſpaire of payment now; eſpecially ſince you perſwade me to forget that I was the King of Pictland's ſon, which Kingdome by your Maſter is uſurpt; and tho I have with hourely hazard of my life, preſerved his Crowne upon his head, I muſt not dare to urge th' promiſe which he ſo ſolemnly did make before th' Gods and men, to ſeat me on my fathers throne, if I return'd victorious.

SINATUS.

My deareſt Lord, this is the ſumme of my advice; which if you ſhall neglect, I feare moſt ſad effects

eff.cts will follow, and so I leave you, least being ob-
serv'd, I suffer for my too much love.

ARVI.

Farewell kind foster-father.

SIN.

May th'Gods looke on you, and your Actions with a favourable aspect.

Exit Sinatus.

AR.

Cozen *Eugenius*, whats your advise? shall I not claime my double right of inheritance, and promise.

EUGENIUS.

Not whileſt you are within th' tyrants reach, flye to th' army which is not yet disbanded, and then yee have power to make your owne conditions, they will receive you for their captaine, and move whither or how you please.

AR.

'Tis true *Eugenius*, I doe beleeve they wud, but 'twere neither just, nor noble for mee to bee th' head to sore-bellious a bodie: perswade those Souldiers, who under my command by frequent victories are become famous, to lose all they have won, by one infamous act; what tho a be to me a tyrant, hee is yet their lawfull Prince, not ought they to be Judges of his actions; nor my deare Cosen, if th: gods be pleas'd that justice shall take place, numbers are not considerable: some of the Picts, altho the most be slaved under the Saxon yoake, doe yet retaine minds worthy their Ancesters, and dare, to serve their Prince, dye full of wounds, rather than yeares: five hundred thus resolved, drawn but together to begin th'play, wud make th' tyrant, e're a yeare come round, find perjurie, and injustice lye heavie on his soule.

EUG.

Sir, bee but pleas'd to quit the Court, and shew your person,

person, and designe unto your countrimen, and I dare promise twise that number in three dayes.

AR.

Necessity inforces me to leave th' Court, or live dishonorable here; but love that tells mee I cannot live but here: is love and honor opposite? they are twins that in my soule strive for preheminence, and whilst they doe so raise it higher, honour thou hast o'recome by helpe of reason:

Which tells me love does live, tho honor raigne,
But he whose honor yeelds to love, his honor's slaine.

EUG.

Speake Sir, are ye resolv'd?

AR.

I am, only 'twere fit, to cleere mee to th' world, I aske performance of that promise from th' King, which I am well assured he will not grant me.

EUG.

'Twill be dangerous.

AR.

Not at all, as I will move it, I have many friends in Court; besides th' Army not being yet dissolv'd he dare not injure me; this very night you shall take horse, about it streight, our time is short.

EUG.

Your stable's so well furnisht, once out of the City shall be safe enough.

Exit Eugenius.

AR.

Gaiderius, our enterprise can never prosper, unlesse I kisse the Princesse hand, and obtaine her leave, which she wud never grant, did she know all my designe, as she must doe in part.

GVID.

Your meeting must be in th' Garden, she dares not have you in her chamber, least some of her women shud

know it.

AR.

Alas, I am a torment to her.

GUID.

How she wud chide you, did she heare; you might as well have said, you are to me a trouble.

AR.

I dare not say so.

GUID.

Nor stud you think th'other; Ile know her houre when she wud have you come.

Exit Guid.

AR.

Doe so, deere *Guiderius*.

Enter KING, *and* ADRASTUS, *attendants.*

KING.

'Twas so, it cou'd be no other wayes, *Arviragus* kild them both; but I must smooth my brow; tell me brave *Arviragus*, why we enjoy so little of your companie, and it so deare to us.

ARVI.

I shall be ever ready to receive and execute what you command me, Sir, but to importune you with frivolous discourse fits not a souldier; I have no businesse, Sir, but one, and that *I* hope *I* shall not need to put your Majestie in mind of.

Enter GUIMANTES.

KING.

I know no sute ye moved me in, but when ye doe, ye are like to speed.

AR.

AR.

I cou'd have wisht the Prince not here, but now it must seeme feare, shud *I* not name it.

KING.

What was it *Arviragus*, you did move me in?

AR.

I must not take, Sir, from your nobleneſſe to ſay I made a ſute, you were royally pleas'd to promiſe, that you wud place me in my fathers principality, if I return'd victorious from the warre.

GUI.

Ha, place you on your fathers ſeate? firſt free your ſelfe from ſervitude, before you be a Prince.

AR.

From ſervitude? whoſe ſervant am *I*; rather, whoſe ſlave? for in that ſenſe you ſpeake it: 'tis true, I have done ſervice, kings ſervice, commanded a brave army, laboured for victorie thorow ſweat, and blood.

GUI.

And ye were crown'd for that, have triumpht, an honour farre above your merit, ſince that hath ſweld you up ſo high, that ye forget thoſe to whom you owe your being.

AR.

I owe my being to th' Gods.

GUI.

And to my father that preſerv'd your life.

ARVI.

I muſt confeſſe to him my obligation's great, but yet muſt take th' boldneſſe to tell his ſonne, hee ſpoke not in this ſtraine, when I laſt undertooke the war: withall, that if I owe his father for a life, hee and his father both owe mee for the ſecurity of theirs, and of their crown, which ſate but tottering till *I* faſtned it.

GUI.

Thy traitors head does so upon thy shoulders, or *I* renounce th'obedience of a sonne; Sir, shall a live?

KING.

My sonne we must not for a few rash words forget the worthy service he hath done us. Remember henceforth *Arviragus* this is our son, and heire to both our Kingdomes, and we shall studie to forget your present boldnesse.

AR.

And without study yee will forget your promise to mee for my fathers Kingdome.

KING.

If *I* doe not, sonne doe you assist me.

ARVI.

No Sir, let him forget vertue and all th'braverie of his younger yeares, and when he comes to raigne be old in mischiefe, rich in his peoples curse, when he hath bath'd them in a sea of blood.

GUI.

Thus ile begin then. *Offers to kill Arviragus, some draw some part.*

KING.

Treason, traytors.

AR.

If there be any here Sir, 'tis your sonne, that acts your part, e're you are in your grave, condemning such to die that seeke your preservation.

KING.

I must dissemble *I* see th'whole Court does conspire with him: *Guimarus* ye were to rash, 'twas an act neither becomming you a Prince, or dutious sonne, and know good *Arviragus* how e're we seeme before our son to be offended with your claime, we shall find time to make our promise good, only know this, that Princes in matters of this nature love not to be much urg'd; son, if you wud have me to forget your error, doe you forget all that hath past betwixt you and *Arviragus*, you have

been

been bred together from your child-hood, for shame now fall not out for trifles, *I* meane for words, which past, cou'd you, as *I*, forgive them, and forget as just nothing, lost in that aire of which they were framed.

ARI.

Sir, *I* in all things shall obey.

KING.

Guimanter, give me your hand?

GVI.

I must obey you Sir.

KING.

How *I* am joyed in this accord; son give me your hand, and princely *Arviragus* yours;
'Tis only home-divisions ruins states,
Thus guarded *I* durst war against th'Fates.

Enter PHILICIA, *and* GUIDERIUS.

PHI.

Oh my *Guiderius*, tho I cannot give a reason,
Yet me thinks th'expectation of those joyes
Are stronger in my soule than they had wont to
Be, from which thoughts, which usually did throb,
And beat with apprehension of *I* know not
What danger, still when *I* was, as now, to meet
My love, is light and jocund, but sure 'tis neere
Upon th'appointed time, whilst we doe think on
Arviragus, we may seeme to have forgot him.

GUID.

Madam, *I* doe believe 'twill be by that time
You are at your chamber, and so downe into th'
Private Garden.

PHI.

Call in my women then, and gentle youth, good night,
Mayst thou be when e're thou loves't, as thou
Endevor'st to make me, most happie.

GUID.

GUID.

The wish is like your selfe, full of goodnesse; yet
Trust me Madam, *I* shall never love any
Woman with so much passion, as *I* doe Prince
Arviragus: but Madam, e're we part, permit
An honor, which *I* perchance may never——

PHI.

What never?

GUID.

Child that I am, I was about to say, never, receive againe.

PHI.

Guiderius, thou art troubled.

GUID.

Not I Madam.

PHI.

Thou art, th'teares stand in thy faire eyes; what was the meaning of that intercepted, never, that with a sigh came from thee?

GUID.

I was about to say, th' honor I receiv'd in kissing your princely hand I never could forget; but ravish'd with th' touch, I raisd my thoughts unto those greater happinesses that *Arviragus* one day might receive, and from the sense of so great blessing to my Prince and friend, let fall those teares of Joy.

PHI.

Sure thou wudst be above what e're yet was known excellent in friendship; but whilst I stay justly to praise thee, I may doe injury to him, whose worth and love makes thee so true a friend; nay, lose the benefit of that I magnifie thee for. Where are ye Ladies? once more good-night.

Exit Philicia.

GUID.

May it prove such, for my presaging soule tells mee, 'twill

'twill be th'last leave we shall ever take.

Exit.

Enter ARVIRAGUS.

AR.

But what are these to me? women and children build on dreams, and fancies; Shall I, whom reall dangers in their most horrid forms cou'd never fright, bee troubled at these nothings?

An Owle shreeks.

Shreek on, and fright some thiefe, or bloody murtherer, whose conscience is black, and apted for these apprehensions; no guilty blood does clog, or staine my soule, all was in rightfull warre that e're I shed, and yet it was a Tyrant's will guided my sword; 'gainst whom? Soft, sure my nose bleeds, if any, this must bee to mee a fatall warning, since never till this minute did it bleed before; and sure this my owne proper blood now dropping from me, informs that I shed some bloud of my owne subjects, and even of such as bravely fought for liberty against a Tyrant. Pardon you Powers, I shortly shall redeem that errour of my child-hood, for restoring of my captiv'd country.

I am now just at th' place, fatall to those that did assaile me; 'tis worth my care, and preparation, tho not my feare; I need no other wound, but th' sad parting from my deare Mistris.

Enter ARVIRAGUS *and* PHILICIA.

AR.

Madam, you still prevent me, and your owne appointed times; yet 'tis but like your other gracious favours, in every act causing addition to that love, which

I believed compleat, but here, and in celestiall bodies, my love and admiration rise higher, as I increase in knowledg of your excellence, and love to me.

PHI.

My love to you, fortune, my dearest servant, hith yet been wanting, in an occasion wherin I might expresse what I wud doe for you.

AR.

Take heed, you doe complain too soone, th'occasion is too neere, and fierce necessity compells me with an abruptnesse, bordering on incivility, to beg an answer to that sute I scarce had moved, when we were interrupted by your fathers comming; to think you did not understand me, were but to call in question th'intelligence our truly loving soules have held so long.

PHI.

Tis true, *I* did, 'twas a contract that you meant, Ile name it plainly for you; I dare as boldly speak my thoughts to you, as I dare think them. Let ceremonious lovers, that with strange hyperbolicall expresions seek to endeare each other, be more in heart, than in their tongues, mine neither shall come short, nor yet exceed what my soule feels: I love thee, noble *Arviragus*, equall with my self; but yet lesse than mine honour, which by a privat contract needs must suffer.

AR.

Deare mistris, be not offended, that with a soule as free I speak my thoughts; did I believe this your refusall grew not from an opinion, that e're long your fathers liking might be won to crown your wishes, I shud not know which way to find a cure for th' deep wound that you have given me, nor shall I for mine owne sake wish to live after this houre, when I shall let you know the cause that makes me presse this grant if yee shall then refuse it.

PHI.

PHI.

Altho I feare to bid you, name it.

AR.

What you perhaps may have ſuſpected in part be pleaſd to know for certaine, there's no time, nor place where I can count my ſelf ſecure; Danger, and of all kinds circles me round, both force and policy are ſet on work; your brothers malice hath prevaild, poyſon'd your fathers ſoule with foule ingratitude, within whoſe ſmiles I read certain deſtruction, which by th'Gods I am commanded to prevent by flight, leaſt I ſhud force them be unjuſt, or tempt them by a miracle to ſave my life, this minute that I kneele and beg your licence to depart, 'tis not unlike I may bee pierſt thorow with a bullet, for there are ſpies upon me, nor ſhall their execution need if you deny th'bleſſing of your plighted faith: that curſe will ſtrike me dead.

PHI.

Riſe, riſe *Arviragus*.

AR.

Not till you grant my ſuit.

PHI.

How can *I* without breach of dutie?

AR.

How can *I* live then removed from you in perſon, and wanting th'great aſſurance of your love?

PHI.

Can you ſuſpect my faith?

PHI.

If *I* did ſo ſuſpect your faith, *I* ſhud not thus beg th'engagement of it, but *I* may doubt your love equals not mine, ſince you deny me to make me bleſt by an aſſurance.

PHI.

The love you injure thus is made apparant moſt in this refuſall, let ſuch whoſe loves are tottering, and unſtable,

unstable, who have not vertue, and perfection for their grounds, seek aids, and ceremoniall bands to hold them firme; mine is a love, as fixt as are thy vertues, which does admit no possibility of change.

AR.

But if your father shall dispose your person to another, what then becomes of all this glorious boast of love, and constancie? think not to say, you ever will bee mine in soule: th' Gods that joyn'd that and the bodie, aswell allow selfe-murther, as these to have a separation after marriage.

PHI.

I cou'd not pardon this so low a thought, but that th' injurie does more reflect upon your selfe than me; since you professe you love her, that you yet beleeve so worthlesse; but to th' purpose, my soule tells me your stay is dangerous; th' Gods and Nature both command wee shud not marry 'gainst our parents will, yet that does not approve, that wee of force must marry whom they please, tho both shew disobedience, yet th' last hath many excuses, one that th'parents dares not but accept of, devotion to the service of the Gods; but if this prove my fate, I wud not for a world lose the glory of my sufferings; were I contracted yours, to die, rather than marry any other. An honest milk maid wud with joy performe as much for a rude shepheard, but to stand free from any other band, than that of love, which is so often, and so easily broak by vicious soules, and yet continue constant, were an act worthy the daughter of a King, and mistris to the noble *Arviragus*.

AR.

Upon my knee I thank yee more for this refusall, than had you granted; yee have rectified my soule, letting me see the beauties of your owne, nor had assurance

rance suted with my doubtfull fortune; since not your husband, yet as your servant, grant some favour, not that by it I may remember you, but as a charm to shield me from all dangers.

PHI.

Then we must part, here take this bracelet, give me that ring, Ile seale my letters with it; this, and our usuall character shall only bee of faith betwixt us: but in what Country doe ye mean to live, until these storms blow over?

AR.

There's nothing can allay these storms, but my heart blood.

PHI.

I dare not think upon my misery, it will o'rewhelme me with a sorrow not to be borne; ye doe not tell mee where you meane to remaine, or how I shall send to ye.

AR.

May I not be pardon'd now, ye shall have notice quickly where I am.

PHI.

What countrie?

AR.

That's it I wud conceale.

PHI.

How, conceale from me?

Takes out a letter.

AR.

'Twas well I did prepare for this, my dearest Mistris, it now drawes towards morning, and young *Guiderius* with a friend or two, waits with my horse without the Ports; 'tis not consideration of my danger, so much as theirs, leaves me the use of memorie to tell me what I have to doe, for I for ever cou'd remaine here: bee pleasd when I am gone, to read this paper; that will

will inform you all that *I* intend.

PHI.

May *I* not know it now?

AR.

Build on your servant, faith 'tis not fit ye shud: O dearest Mistris, can I live, and leave you thus, since from our infancy we have grown up together?

PHI.

Shall we ever meet againe?

AR.

I hope we shall.

PHI.

It was but faintly spoke, there was no faith in't; Oh my sad heart!

AR.

Am I a man, a souldier, yet play the woman thus? not to be touchd at such a parting, were to be more insensible than a rock, or Tygres, that yet pity their own distresse: drop faster ye beloved teares, like those shed for our crimes, this shame to man-hood is my height of glorie.

PHI.

O cruell farewell we shall never meet againe.

The end of the second Act.

Enter KING.

KING.

A Dies by poiſon, 'tis moſt convenient ſo, both for th'acting, and concealment, there's a charme in his manly looks, or glorious name, that will deter, and daunt the boldeſt that ſhall undertake by force to kill him; no, he is a ſon of Mars, and by a marſhall hand, or weapon cannot die, but in the field unto his fathers glory: poiſon muſt doe it, th'inſtrument's *Adraſtus*, ingag'd already in my plots, whoſe immediate care in his performance may redeeme his former failing by his ſervants.

Enter SINATUS.

SIN.

Pardon dread Soveraigne, that I preſſe on your retirements, yet th'importance of th'affaire may well excuſe a ſervant bound by oath to make diſcoverie, of what hee feares may touch upon his maſters life, or honor.

KING.

Ha, my ſelfe, or honor, ſpeak wherin?

SIN.

With all ſpeed poſſible haſt to the Campe, and by your preſence there confirm the ſouldiers loyalties, which elſe may faile.

KING.

Why are they diſcontented? have *I* not taken order for their pay, and to the chiefe Commanders given rich rewards?

SIN.

Ye have given indeed to all, and to their Generall, th' much

much loved *Arviragus*, a triumph but in mockery, a
he *I* feare receives it, since you deny his fathers Prin
cipality; cou'd ye beleeve a spirit like to his wud bea
those scorns the Prince did put upon him? my feare
perswades mee hee is either fled already, or does in
tend it; and whether shud hee goe but to the Armie
not yet disbanded? once there, hee'l force yee yeel
what he desires; and what can be to you of more dishe
nour? Justice, and wisdome are th' essentiall parts o
government, and you from this will seeme in both de
fective.

KING.

If this be true, as sure it is, there will bee danger o
my person in the Campe opposed 'gainst one they lov
so much; the credit of *Sinatus* person, with my autho
rity, will bee of equall vertue. *Sinatus*, to witnesse m
beliefe to what I grieve at for *Arviragus* sake, his dan
gerous impatience, and unkind, unwise revolt, here
take this ring, and with it power, as if my selfe were
present; dispose the Army so, as neither my person, no
my honour perish; I doe commit both to thy faith, an
wisdome, and if thou find the much mistaken youth
tell him I take it ill, that he beleeves my sonne govern
as King, I yet alive; for did a not, a wud have reste
on my Royall word, and not have forc'd mee by this
rashnesse to approve that for justice in my sonne *Gui
mantes*, which *I* was resolved to punish, as malicious
ingratitude; let thy owne hast witnesse how great thou
thinkst the danger.

SIN.

I flye to serve my Prince, and save my friend.

Exit.

KING.

If *Arviragus* shall reach the Armie before hee can

there, yet will *Sinatus* presence lessen his authority,
least slacken his fiercenesse, and give us time to arme
sides.

Enter GUIMANTES.

GUI.

read amazement, and distraction in your Royall brow,
hat Sir's the newes?

KING.

he worst of ills, losse and dishonor; were mighty Jove
fended, his dreadfull arm strercht forth, in it his sier-
estbolt wrapt up in thunder, and that *I* knew he aim'd
t my head, it wud not strike my heart with halfe that
error, not when the lightning sing'd my browes, as
ow to know th'injur'd, and fierce *Arviragus* is escap'd;
e thinks *I* see him in th'head of all his Troope, his
cen sword drawn, whose brightnesse hee hath vowed
change into a crimson hew, with blood of perjur'd,
nd ungratefull Princes; and what thy pride and malice
ud not allow unto his merit, his fathers petty King-
ome, shall now be multiplied by conquest on our soile,
ill that bee thought from him a recompence but for a
rivate captaine.

GUI.

My pride and malice? you were not rather in making
im that promise of his fathers Crown, than resolute
o break it when you had done; why am *I* taxt then with
our double fault? had ye given way, I had nayl'd
im to th' earth before your face: now ye perceive
th' uncertaintie of policie compared with force; you
eard the mutinous people, that was our losse, which
esenesse when I am guilty of, let mee forget

my

ny birth and hope.

KING.

If e're you live my yeares, you'l know the common people are not to be contemn'd; nor shud a wise prevention of discontent be accounted feare: but to th' present, what's past cannot be now recall'd, what means have we to make resistance against this fury? let us consider that, and not, like women, scold our selves into a greater disorder.

GUI.

Why did ye not, wing'd with necessitie, haste to th'army, when first ye heard it?

KING.

And so perhaps have put my selfe in *Arviragus* power, if he were there before me.

GUI.

Yet ye might have oppos'd me to that hazard, necessity inforcing, without a taxe.

KING.

I rather chose to send faithfull *Sinatus*, one that the souldiers reverence much, and who did to me discover th' flight of *Arviragus*.

GUI.

Wud I trust him, th' only friend to *Arviragus*? ye are abused in all, either th' Traitor is not fled, or if a be, then is *Sinatus* a confederate, and they have wrought upon your timorous nature, and gain'd a power to worke our over-ruin.

KING.

Fond boy, how canst thou think thy self so far superior in thy judgment, yet seest th'colour of these hairs? consider my active life, and industrie, begetting feare, and reverence, not only from my subjects, but all the neighbour Princes: no act of consequence yet ever undertaken by me, either in war or peace, but had a happy issue; how dar'st thou then presume to taxe, as void of

rea-

eason, a Counsell which t[illegible] way can better.

GUI.

My passion Sir, made me forgetfull of my dutie.

KING.

No, no, henceforth manage your owne affaires, th'kingdome's yours, at least you gape for't, counting me in my dotage, unfit to govern now; doe you redresse what is misse, bring in this rebell by your wisdome, or your power, then I shall think you fit to be my tutor.

GUI.

Tho Sir, I no waies dare presume to such a thought to tutor you, yet pardon me to say I dare ingage my honor, give me but power, to bring you back this traytor dead, or alive.

KING.

I feare he is too strong and politique for you to cope with.

GUI.

Sir, on my knees I beg the honor, grant me the title of your Generall, and I will cease to be your son, or bring additions to your glory; why will you Sir for ever keep me from the souldiers knowledg? if so, take back this sword, to me a mockerie, send for a gowne, and let me enter orders, or else become a Doctor of the Laws: to be a Prince, and yet not capable to lead an army, is to be wanting of the noblest part of government, obnoxious to the scorn and injuries both of my own, and strangers.

KING.

Be master of your wish, goe, and with speed prepare you for the war.

GUI.

Now you are my most gracious father.

KING.

The thanks belong unto necessity, and not my wil, which wud for ever have kept thee ignorant of warre, thy spirit being so fierie, impatient of delayes, which as I grow

in

in yeares, may prompt thee to undermine my power at least, if not my life, and both I wud have end together.

Enter one.

The newes, speake, and from whom?

1.

From Pictland, Sir, there they are up in armes.

KING.

Who is Leader?

1.

Lord *Eugenius.*

KING.

Eugenius, what numbers are they?

1.

A thousand strong, but doe the actions of ten thousand: upon the way I met Prince *Arviragus*, from expectation of whose assistance they did begin th' enterprise.

KING.

Didst thou meet the Traytor, and let him scape? hang up this slave.

1.

Alas, my Lord, durst *I* oppose him?

KING.

Thou shalt immediatly oppose an enemie more
Terrible, death; and thou shalt meet him, by
Whom *Cæsar*, and great *Alexander* were
O'recome: away and hang him streight; so may
All traitour cowards, that for feare of death
Avoid an enemy, meet death upon a gallowes.

Ex.

Enter ARVIRAGUS, EUGENIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and other Captains.*

AR.

My noble Cosen, and you my faithfull friends, true lover

lovers of your Prince, and Countries liberty; what you have done alreadie, is a brave Omen to our great designe; the City you have gain'd will bee a sure retreat, if fortune frowne, as oft she does, to whet the courages of those shee hath adopted for her favorites; even Cæsar sometimes had a foile, but rise with greater courage, and at last attain'd the wreath triumphant.

EVG.

There's none are truly wise, and valiant, that are not still prepared for other fortune; but how are you resolved to prosecute th' war? will ye lay siege to th'strong townes, or take the smaller villages, and so remove from place to place, till you increase your numbers.

AR.

Neither I deare cosen, *I* know by this there is an army marching towards us, which *I* will meet with one of our three thousand, you with th' other two shall summon such townes as ye beleeve stand best affected to us, *I* make no doubt divers will yeeld, and as ye prosper, or diminish, let mee have notice by trusted Messengers.

EVG.

But why Sir, will you endanger your person with so small numbers, on the safety of which rest all our happinesse? at least take you two parts, and leave me one, I daily shall encrease my troopes.

AR.

And doe ye thinke I shall not? besides I know these souldiers I have commanded will fight against me without hearts; I feare nothing so much, as they will all revolt, and take away the glory of my victory: the Moone shall no sooner be up, but I will march toward the enemy.

GUID.

Be pleasd Sir, I may wait upon you.

AR.

Guiderius I will not part you from so good a tutor in the warre, besides I will not venture both our Persons in one army: if I miscarry, for yet I have no son, bee thou my heire to all *I* can pretend to, only by glorious warre revenge my injuries, and yeeld this Countrie, what *I* doe faile in purchasing, freedome from Saxon slaverie, and make the Pictish Kingdome once againe considerable to all the Princes of this Iland.

GUID.

O Sir, this gift is like your selfe, full of that royall bountious inheritance in your soule, but yet to mee it beares no value: can any blessing rise to me out of your ruin? no Sir, *I* must not leave you; the aire, tho ne're so cleare, is poyson if you breath not in it, nor meat, nor sleep can nourish, wanting your company; I doe beseech your highnesse leave me not behind, unlesse you wud expresse *I* am a trouble to you.

AR.

Oh my best friend, speake not a thing so harsh.

GVID.

You doe Sir, what ye wud not have me speake, the greatest of all cruelties in leaving me behind.

EUG.

Sonne, if it be the Princes pleasure, I much desire stay not out of fondnesse, tho I love you as much as any father does; but that by you *I* may send letters to him of our proceedings, and monies which yet are wanting the sinewes of the warre; nor have you seen your mother, or your sister yet, who pines with griefe, not having seene you this seven yeares past, having remaind, during these warres in Pictland.

AR.

Guiderius, If ye desire to obliege me, refuse not a sute so just, made by a father that shud command; the Moone will sure be up before we shal take order for the troops:

let

let all the Commanders bee call'd ſtraight to my Tent.

GVI.

My Lord.

AR.

O *Guiderius* now and onely now you ſhow your love to me is fondneſſe, come *I* will give thee many reaſons for thy ſtay.

GUID.

Tho they may come from your lipps ſuch, they will have loſt their force before they reach my eares; ther's nothing but the merit of obedience to my Prince can ſave me from an unſufferable greeſe for your unkindneſſe. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter GVIMANTES, SINATVS, *Captaines and Souldiers*

GUI.

Lay hands on that old traytor, left in the Battell he ſhoud forſake us, and draw more away with him, and let him preſently be put to death.

SIN.

Thanks Prince, pay thy fathers old ſervants debts but thus, and thou ſhalt ſoone grow rich in hatred.

CAP.

Me Lord, the Souldiers neere will endure to ſee it.

GUI.

Ha, the Souldiers neere endure to ſee it?

CAP.

I am confident ther's none will execute it.

GUI.

I am confident e'en he that doubts ſhall performe it: doe't thy ſelfe, or by the gods i'le bee thy executioner

CAP.

Then Sir, you must.

GUI.

Traytor, and shall.

Sinatus receives the blow, the Prince makes at the Captaine.

SIN.

'Twas meant to me; O hold, consider now your passion, which carries you to actions, even against your resolution; I am wounded by your own hand, temper your rage, the souldiers hearts will soone be lost, nor doe I give this counsell, as I love your person, but your calling, my Prince, but most, your fathers Generall, on whose successe depends his own, and the Kingdomes safetie.

Enter SOVLDIER.

Arme——arme, the enemie appeares upon the rock above us, and into our quarter, my Lord, tumbles down great stones, that doe most fearfull execution, which unexpected accident hath put the Campe in great disorder.

GUI.

Goe and prevent all further mischiefe,
That rock did not appeare accessable to any
Humane creature, sure they have borrowed
Wings, or dropt out of the clouds.

Enter a CAPTAIN.

CAP.

Prepare Sir, for assault, th' enemie comes on a pace; as if he meant to charge upon that quarter that lyes us furtheſt from the Rocke, and will I feare be with us e're we can put our men in order.

GVI.

GVI.

Haſt each man to his command, and ſome that loves me diſpatch that wretch out of the world, leſt he ſhud glorie in our ruin.

1. SOVL.

Ile undertake it Sir.

GVI.

Thanks Souldier. *Exeunt.*

Enter ARVIRAGUS *and foure Captaines.*

AR.

Now, my brave friends, wee are come unto the place, where, if our hearts, and hands bee ſtrong and valiant, the labour we have taken this night, paſſing theſe craggie mountaines, ſhall find reward; riches, and glory, the meed of ſouldiers. *Cleanthus*, and his troope, have from the Rock perform'd their part, entred diſorder, and amaſement in the Campe, the harbinger of ruin to them, to us of victory. Let us not loſe ſo faire advantage, charge home, my Country-men; for my part, with my troope, Ile pierce the armie thorow, and charge the Prince; ſtrike terrour in their ſouls by our firſt act, and ever after they will flie like ſheepe before us. Ye powers,
We not preſume this of our ſelves, make you it known,
The cauſe of the oppreſt is ſtill your owne.

Enter one of the Princes Captaines, and ſouldier.

CAP.

There's no reſiſtance can bee made, th' Souldiers flie like ſheepe before th' wolfe; what ſhud wee doe but

yeeld, and ſave our lives? beſides, the juſtice of his cauſe is ſuch th' heavens takes part with him.

Exit.

Enter ARVIRAGUS, SINATUS, CLEANTES, *and others.*

AR.

O my deare friend, now is my victory compleat, that I have power to recompence in part, the many ſervices that you have done me: from whom did you receive this wound?

SINATUS.

From one that gave a deeper to my heart, by his unkindneſſe.

AR.

Whoſe curs'd hand?

SIN.

The Prince *Guiderius*, that now hath paied too dearly for his raſhneſſe; I heare he is your priſoner, pray let him be nobly us'd.

AR.

Elſe it ſhall be your fault; for to your charge I will commit him.

SINATUS.

To mine? I am his ſubject, and fellow priſoner.

AR.

But ye are my friend, I dare truſt you with my life, and more, with my priſoner.

SIN.

I ſhall doe what becomes me, if yee commit him to my care.

AR.

Bring in the Prince.

Enter

Enter GUIMANTES.

GUI.

Art thou alive, false traytor, to glory in my disgrace?

AR.

Me Lord, hee's your servant, and to his care I doe commit your person.

GUI.

I rather wud be prisoner to a furie.

AR.

Hee's *Philicia's* brother, and cannot be too nobly us'd: see th' Campe be well fortified, the watch carefully set, th' evening drawes on apace——*Sinatus*, command as freely, as our selfe, and let your charge find all fit liberty. *Arviragus, and Sinatus whisper.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES.

Most gratious Prince.

AR.

From whence those letters?——*reads.*

MES.

From Pictland, Sir.

AR.

Come here; is *Eugenius*, and *Guiderius*, as I here am inform'd, revolted?

MES.

Most certaine true.

AR.

Upon thy life let no man know this greatest of misfortune, 'twud discourage all my souldiers; whether is vertue fled? wait on us, and I will dispatch yee backe immediatly, we have no need of new supplies, wee are strong enough to meet a foe more daring. *Exit.*

GVI.

Now Sir, dare you yet boast your innocencie? what is't cou'd make you thus respected, but that ye confederate with him in his treasons? Say, be plaine, are ye appointed this night to murder me? if so, doe't but manly, take me not in sleepe, that I may see my danger, and Ile thanke thee; for to beleeve lesse is intended me, yet thou appointed for my guard, were madnesse: I know thy wounds yet smarts, reveng't, and strike home, for since I am dishonored in my first attempt, thus beaten by a handfull, and I Commander often times as many, life is to me no other thing than a burden.

SIN.

It seemes ye gathered from our whispering, what my Commission was, and *I* am glad I find you so prepared for death; you see this arme, the blood ye drew must be requited, to kill a Prince is brave, an action of a transcendant straine; by all that's sacred I glory more in this occasion, than all that ever yet befell me, that I have power to set my princes son at libertie, tho with my owne most certaine ruin.

GUI.

Speak, what dost thou meane by this?

SIN.

To set you free, or else my hopes deceive me.

GVI.

Thou dost amaze me, I know this can be nothing but dissimulation; some witty cruelty, to free me from my discontent, and then to kill mee when my hopes are raisd.

SIN.

Me Lord, I grieve your soule's so-fram'd, you cannot better apprehend the glory of th'action I performe, and in reward of what I doe, be so good to your selfe, as I will show my selfe a faithfull subject in spight of all your injuries.

GVI.

GVI.

Shall *I* beleeve this reall?

SIN.

Me Lord ye may.

GVI.

Cou'd *I* beleeve thou didst intend this, yet where's the means for my escape?

GVI.

Cover'd with night, and cloath'd in th' habit of one of my servants, ye may escape to *Stamford*, there ye are secure:

GVI.

I scarcely can give faith thou meanest well.

SIN.

How hardly can ill men beleeve the good,?
Which their corrupted soule ne're understood?

The end of the third Act.

Enter KING, GVIMANTES, ADRASTVS, *and others.*

KING.

GUIMANTES, now ye find the advantage that experience gives, especially in warre; had ye not mistrusted old *Sinatus*, yee had not beene so suddenly surpris'd into th' ruin of your army, and your owne danger; what's past, wee will forget, and now rejoyce that you are safe return'd. I must inform you how I did withdraw *Eugenius*, what the allurements were, assurance of a double marriage betwixt our children, that you shud marry with his daughter; his sonne *Guiderius* with your sister, and that hee shud be King of Picts, but paying tribute to your selfe, and successours; upon these hopes hee's come, your taske is easie, onely make love to a faire Lady, which if ye like, ye may injoy; if not, there may be means to break the match; at first however show your selfe a passionate lover, and pay all the respects yee can imagine, to the father, who wee immediatly will send to warre against our enemy, fierce *Arviragus*, where let them ruin one the other.

GUI.

But how, Sir, dare you trust him, being so neere a kin to *Arviragus* your enemy, least they shud reconcile, and joyne against you, or that indeed this his revolt is only policie?

KING.

Are not his sonne and daughter in my power? it is impossible he shud abandon them unto my rage.

GUI.

GUI.

I am instructed, and henceforth shall obey your wise counsell, tempering my feares, and rugged nature.

KING.

Thou dost rejoyce me now:
Learne to dissemble soone; 'tis an art,
Without which, Kings ne're truly act their part.

Enter EUGENIUS, *and* GUIDERIUS, *and others.*

Noble *Eugenius*, my brother I must call thee, fellow in arms besides, for many a dangerous skirmish have we been together.

EUG.

Your majestie much honours mee in the remembrance.

KING.

But now *Eugenius* th' youths grow arrogant, contemne the aged, and experienc'd souldier, trust upon strength and fortune, without discipline; and, for a while, in some it hath prosper'd, to my griefe; nor was't a wonder, where their opposite was rash, and heady like themselves; but now when *Arviragus* shall perceive *Eugenius* comes against him, *Eugenius*, without whom he scarcely ever yet perform'd an act considerable; both he and his will be abashd, as knowing they have now to deale with one of courage equall, and experience farre above them

EUG.

Most royall Sir, I dare not promise victory, or slight an enemy so daring, whose souldiers are confirm'd in conqueſt; but if I doe not take the Garland from his brow, arm'd in the justice of your cause, which hath enlightned me to see my error, the wreath of death shall circle mine. In ten set battles, skirmishes not to bee numbred, I have had an active place, and been considerable

siderable toth'enemy, in six of these bore the supream command; in all which, victory still smil'd upon mee, nor doe *I* feare her present frowne, for I will court her in the noblest way, perhaps cause a divorce 'twixt her, and *Arviragus*, to whom of late the world holds her wed.

GUI.

No hand, my noble father, so I am proud to call you, can be so fit to separate fortune, and *Arviragus*, as yours that joynd them, and if she yet can see true merit, or that th Gods, as it hath oft been said, forsake not brave endeavours, then I (now yours) so without envie shall have my stains wipt off, and prove an ample sharer in your glories.

EVG.

The honour *I* receive from all, must raise *Eugenius* to to doe something above himselfe; I long Sir, till I be in action.

KING.

Necessitie inforces that which you desire, and all things doe attend you; these Captains which I here present you, are such as ye may boldly trust, men well experienc'd, and full of courage.

EVG.

We shall be proud of such, and move by their advice.

CAP.

Me Lord, our greatest ambition shall bee to execute what you command, as knowing you a Master in th' art.

EVG.

Sir, I doe present you with this maid, deare to me, next my honour, more then my life; my son, me Lord, I leave to you, my wife I had brought to, but that a sudden sicknesse hindred: here yee have all my wealth, what I possesse besides, your royall favours have taught me to contemn as things below my present hopes, this good sword, and your kingly promise is the stocke

on

on which I build my future happineſſe.

KING.

This Lady, were ſhe not deere to mee from the conſideration of my ſon, yet hath her owne perfections power to make all places bleſt where ſhee remains.

GUI.

And for my charge, what can be dearer to me, than hee that is to marry With my ſiſter, and whoſe acquaintance formerly hath made that neereneſſe an addition to my joyes.

EVG.

'Twere Sir, in us preſumption not to be o'recome, where you intend to conquer by your courteſie; where the gods meane moſt to magnifie themſelves, they chuſe meane ſubjects to worke by, leaſt they ſhud ſeeme to ſhare their glory: ſo you, my Lord, by gracing us unworthy, need no wayes apprehend your bountie ſhud be cenſur'd as reward due to our merit: but that I may in act, the ſouldiers complement expreſſe my thanks, I take leave to kiſſe your royall hand.

KING.

Brother, you injure me in this, for tho you honor me to be my Generall, let the world know your merit, and my love create you Prince of Pictland, in that quality I ſhall eſteeme you.

EVG.

Moſt royall Sir, if my ſword hold his temper I ſhal make good upon my enemies creſt, that you have only power to give this title.

GVID.

Sir, let me crave your bleſſing, ſince you ſeeme you have determin'd I ſhud not beare you company.

EVG.

EUG.

Th' heavens preserve you; O my sweet *Artemia*, thou makest me shame my selfe, and beare thee company, no more, my dearest child, teares shed at parting boad misfortune; me Lord, you see this tenderneſſe.

GUI.

And love it Sir, yet hope to dry them up from th' assurance of my faithfull service.

EVG.

Me Lord, unto your noble love I doe commend her, that modest innocence that nature hath bestowed, is all her ornament; she wants th'usuall arts of Court to set her of.

CVI.

In which shee's more beautifull than art can make her: nothing can give addition to the Lilly, or the Rose, their native colour and their sweetneſſe gives their value; art takes away from their perfection, as all praiſe must from her, who is above it.

GVID.

May my father conquer as fast in warre, as your civility must doe in peace.

KING.

Our wiſhes, and our prayers shall atend you.

Ex. omnes at several doores, the Prince leads Artemia.

Enter PHILICIA, *and* LADY.

LADY.

Madam, Prince *Guiderius*, your servant, those honours now the King confers upon him, desires to kiſſe your hand.

PHI.

Ah mee! there was a comfort once, but now hee's false,

false, or elſe he wud have forſooke his traytor father, and fled to *Arviragus*: were I a man, I wud not long remaine here, where I am preſt each minute to the ſoule with ſlanders, and with curſes that I heare pronounc'd againſt the man I love: Prince *Guiderius* my ſervant ſay ye?

LADY.

Yes Madam, ſo the King deſires all ſhud eſteeme him.

PHI.

Bring him in, ——— how can a look upon me, or which way open his lips to ſuch an end as love? I wud not ſee him, but that 'twill breed ſuſpition in my father, ſince formerly I ever uſed him wth much freedome.

Enter GUIDERIUS.

GUID.

With ſuch devotion, as ſuperſtitious Moores ſalute the light, doe I behold thoſe glorious eies, wanting whoſe happy influence, perpetuall night hath dwelt about me. Tho day break, 'tis in clouds, a ſullen morne, if *I* be not miſtaken; (O wud I were) can ſo faire browes threaten a ſtorme? or your cleare eyes dart forth ſuch killing ſcornes? yet I have armour to preſerve me againſt theſe; beleeſe, that I am innocent from guilt, a ſoule more yours than ever. —— Not ſpeake, if you indeed deſire to make my ſudden death a witneſſe of your power, it is the office of your tongue to perfect it, ſhewing where I am guiltie of a crime againſt your ſacred ſelfe, and I ſhall quickly ceaſe to have a being, rather one ſo miſerable. ——— Not yet? —— 'tis true, if in my ſelfe conſidered, I am not worthy you ſhud ſpeake to me, yet free me from amaſement, and let me know how you have loſt that ornament of curteſie, that does ſo well become you, and all other ladies.

PHI

PHI.

'Twas not my want of curtesie so much as knowledge, who *I* was to speak to made me silent.

GV.

Am I so miserable to be thought a stranger to you?

PH.

Are ye not so unto your selfe? ye were *Guiderius*, friend to me, and *Arviragus*; now I am told ye are a Prince, son to a trayter.

GV.

Madam, I must believe you cannot think him such, that is a friend, and servant to your father; and for that honour is confer'd by him on me, I must confesse I glory in their acquisition, or being raised to such a height, as I am only dazled by your beauties, not your birth, which distance till this present, in my tortur'd bosome, smother'd a fire, the smoake scarsly appearing; by which restraint it now shall break so gloriously forth, that all flames else shall show but faint, and sickly if compared.

PH.

Better obscure it still, the light of it will only show th' owners impudence, and falshood.

Gu.

If it expresse truth, and respect to you, even falshood to all others will show glorious.

PH.

Who shall reward that truth? there's none but
Fooles undertake actions without hope of
Recompence.

Gu.

The glory of my sufferings will prove reward, since 'tis for one so excellent.

PHI.

And be assured that it shall be my only study to make them reall.

GV.

GV.

And I shall thanke ye even for that; fortune does wrong my love to give me th' advantage of your fathers liking, nor will time permit my desert by suffering to obtaine; *I* wud not have ye mine, 'till I had won your soule without all aids, spight of your cruell resolution; for when ye shall consider my love beares date from the first minute that I saw you; and that, when I believ'd it was to make you happy, I yielded my assistance to another; you cannot but find some remorse, some sense of what I suffered, when *Arviragus*, for whose sake you think I am to be contemnd, owes you for thousand joyes, which he can never pay, nor sure does he intend it; for wud he else make warre upon your father, seek his destruction, that preserv'd his life, and had within few daies seated him on his fathers throne.

PHI.

O yee powers!

GVID.

But he, carried away with mad ambition, and ingratitude, perhaps inconstancie, as now contemning what he did possesse, comes on towards this City, threaming destruction to the State, and in that generall, yours: for grant he loves ye, it is hard to thinke, yet may some rude hand, if he take the City, injure your person, and hee not able to revenge it; true love wud bee more timorous, and lesse consider his own advantage.

PH.

Where didst thou gather all this venome? not in Pictland, sure the masters vertue purges that, yet was it poisonous till thy father left it: but here, this Court, the mint of mischiefe, where slander, and ingratitude beare sway; 'twas heere thou learnd'st with an affronted

affronted brow to ſpot th' innocent, and cleanſe the guiltie, but never more dare to approach this place, to touch my eare with any ſound to th' diſgrace of *Arviragus*; or if I have no power to barre thee, know that his vertues have ſo charm'd my heart, that all and every ſenſe ſhall become uſeleſſe, or ſtand ſuſpected as traytors to my peace, that ſhall convey ought to his prejudice.

GUID.

But Madam.

PHI.

Prethee ſpeak not to me, thou art a creature ſo unworthie, that I am ſicke to looke on thee, a living ſepulcher th'art, in which is buried a vertuous youth, that I once lov'd, but now there's nought but filth, and rottenneſſe of ſoule.

GUI.

Lady, I am not ſuch unto your father, nor (were you wiſe) ſhud I appeare to you ſo hatefull.

PHI.

I am indeed a foole to move him thus, ſhud he diſcover to my father my affection to *Arviragus*, I have been too raſh; ſhall *I* beleeve it was poſſible you cou'd aſſiſt another, yet love your ſelfe?

GUID.

Ha, I doe not like that queſtion.

PHI.

'Tis true, I ever did obſerve my company was gratefull to you, but ſure it was not love did cauſe it.

GUID.

Looke on your owne perfections, and from thence receive aſſurance.

PHI.

I muſt beleeve them without force, elſe why ſhud *Arviragus* prove unconſtant? but ſure he is not ſuch, pray leave me; you have put ſuch troubles in my mind no art can

an free me from.

GUID.

Nor me from thinking all your sex is false.

PHI.

Why doe ye stay? an other time, perhaps, your company will not displease me.

GVID.

O *Arviragus*!

PHI.

Ha, that sigh was well dissembled, or it shewed a reall passion either to him, or mee; you are sad Sir.

GUID.

Pardon me Madam.

PHI.

Trust me ye are, and I must share, what e're *I* seeme, *I* am not made of marble.

GVID.

Rather of Yce; how wud a reall passion melt this Lady? perhaps not move her, falsehood from sympathy rather begets a liking.

PHI.

Gentle *Guiderius*, for such I now againe beleeve thee, tell me the cause of this so sudden change; thou shewest more sadnesse now, that I am kind, than when *I* was most harsh.

GVID.

Madam, ye are deceived, *I* am transported with a joy you understand not.

PHI.

Ile sweare I understand it not, if this be joy;
Sure he hath all this time dissembled, prethee be
Still thus sad, and I will fancie to my selfe a
Cause that will delight me much.

GVID.

What is it madam?

PHI.

PHI.

That I durst name it.

GVI.

Madam, ye may.

PH.

Firſt promiſe faithfully to anſwer mee one queſtion I ſhall aske.

GUI.

By th' gods *I* will, ſo ye will anſwer me another with like truth.

PH.

I vow to doe it.

GUI.

Speake then.

PH.

I aske you whom of all creatures ye love beſt?

GUI.

I did not looke for this, pray aske ſome other, this you know already.

PH.

Take heed of perjury, Ile no other queſtion.

GUID.

Then know I never did, nor ever ſhall love any creature like Prince *Arviragus*.

PH.

'Tis plaine, he but diſſembled, it ſeemes ye love not me then?

GVID.

Nor doe I wiſh you ſhud doe me, your love is too unconſtant to be a bleſsing unto any; but who Is't that ſhall next be made unhappy by your Falſhood?

PH.

None, ſince I never loved, or can any, but *Arviragus*, to this the gods are witneſſe: I ſee wee have diſſembled both, and vertue was the motive; but why ſhud you miſtruſt

iſtruſt my faith?

GUID.

o take a triall of my owne, for truth is Madam, I did ve you with ſome paſsion, and often have been prompted from my naturall inclination, but vertue, and my iendſhip to Prince *Arviragus* hath ſtill o'recome, and I now ever ſhall, for if you prove unconſtant, ye grow nworthy his affection, and conſequently th' adoration hich *I* pay you.

PH.

ertue in thee *Guiderius* ſhines ſo bright,
hat even loves fire ſhowes a leſſe glorious light.

Ex:

Enter GUIMANTES, *and* ARTEMIA.

GUI.

Faireſt Miſtris, can it bee poſſible ye are ſo ignorant of love, yet have ſuch power to beget love in all that ſee you?

ART.

Beget love?
Ye are the firſt that ever told me ſo, what is hee like? I wud faine ſee my child; is hee like *Venus* ſonne? I ſaw him in a picture once, that lad had bow, and arrowes.

GVI.

But none that pierce hearts thorow, like thoſe darts ſhot from your eies.

ART.

Mine, ſure I have none, I feele not any thing within my Eye.

GVI.

You may your cruell ſcornes, if ye will ſee my heart.

ART.

ART.

'Twere treason to desire it Sir, your heart?

GVI.

Treason to love ye now commit, to be thus scornfull.

ART.

Treason to love? what is my sonne my King? I thought I might have whipt him, *Venus* did so, *I* well remember.

GVI.

Never, but when a did mistake his marke, and
Wouud her, *I* hope he hath not serv'd you so;
There's no *Adonis* you doat on? and yet *I* feare it.

ART.

I cannot tell what was *Adonis*.

GVI.

He was a young and handsome forrester.

ART.

He was not like your highnesse then.

GVI.

I dare not say so, having calld him handsome.

ART.

I see your highnesse is a friend to truth.

GVI.

Tho not in handsomnesse, in youth I might be like him but not in his conditions; for the allurements of a Goddesse cou'd not make him love, and I in spite of all your scorns am wholly yours.

ART.

And what will that obliege mee to?

GUI.

If ye be gratefull, it will kindle in your heart an equall fire.

ART.

But of what fewell?

GVI.

ARTE.

Of love? alas then I shall be a murthereſſe and burne my ſonne.

GUI.

Take heed that by this ſeeing ignorance, ye doe not murther my reſpects, and your own happineſſe: I am no common wooer, Lady it will be hard for you to finde one better worth th' entertayning.

ARTE.

It will be no loſſe Sir, ſince I wud not entertaine at all.

GUI.

I can not thinke ye are already ſtored, your father durſt not ſo abuſe me.

ARTE.

I doe beleeve it, but Sir, I am a Goddeſſe, at leaſt you ſtyl'd me ſo, vow'd that ye wud be wholly mine ſpite of all my ſcornes; and truſt me I will put it to the tryall, your title of a Prince muſt not debarr me the priviledge of a Miſtris, for by the gods my father, you, nor any living, ſhall make me marry but one, of whoſe affection I will have ſufficient tryall.

GUID.

And how is that tryall to be made?

ARTE.

By time, and what taske, I ſhall pleaſe to impoſe upon him.

GUID.

But how if th' affaires of ſtate will not permit it?

ARTE.

The powers command it that muſt give the bleſſing to each marriage: moſt daughters now adayes are made a ſacrifice to wealth, or ends yet; ſtill the hypocrite Father pretends the Childrens happineſſe

is

Is that he aims at chiefely. Pardon, me Lord, my freedome, if either you, or I had been deform'd, yet wee had proved the cement to our fathers love; reason of State had been our ruin, I hope a better fate attends us, and that wee may know each the other in the noblest part, the minde, I am resolved one yeare to bee your Mistris, or by th' gods never your wife; nor doe I promise when that yeare is past, mistake me not,
For what we are assur'd we shall possesse,
That knowledge ever makes the purchase lesse.

Exit alone.

Enter KING, *and* ADRASTUS.

KING.

Most certainly she loves him, which if she doe, may all the curse of a father ceaze her.

AD.

I dare not say she does, yet ever since that night *Arviragus*——

KING.

No more, call her in, and heare me, let the Prince be sent for straight.——

Exit Adrastus.

Enter GUIDERIUS, *and* PHILICIA, *whisper together.*

Daughter, good morrow; I see *Guiderius* you wait close on your Mistris.

GVID.

'Tis so great a blessing to be neare her, that I adventure to be unportunate.

KING.

I hope she cannot think ye so—*Guiderius*, where's your faire Mistris?

GUI-

GVI.

I came now from her, shee's indeed a Mistris, and wo-
not quit that title for a yeere.

KING.

How? will she not marry sooner, if we shall desire it?

GUI.

By no meanes Sir, she hath vowed the contrary.

KING.

And she may keepe it, if you please, not otherwise, doe
ye love her much?

GVI.

Much, for a mistris, Sir, she's too emperious for a wife,
but happily she's not what she seemes.

KING.

'Tis ods no woman is, they are not things to place our
joyes upon,——they are above a Prince that wud de-
sire to govern wisely, good play-fellowes sometimes,
when we are idle: *A horne blowne.*
Goe some, and know the newes 'tis from the Campe for
certaine; be favorable ye Saxon gods ——
Exit Adrastus.

Enter Adrastus, and a Captaine.

Speake, how fares *Eugenius*, our worthy brother?

CAP.

As he was wont, when in the field victory sits on his
Crest.

PH.

Ah me! what are my feares for *Arviragus*?

KING.

Relate the manner of the battle.

CAP.

In brief I shall; small ods cou'd be perceived, either in
place, or number, only the justice of our cause made us
first offer battle, which they accepting, carelesse soone
strow'd the

fields, death had a plenteous harveſt in an inſtant, and the great reaper was fierce *Arviragus*, which once perceived by your great Generall, who oft had been a wiſneſſe of his brutiſh force, but want of temper; commanded they ſhud ſound retreat, ſo to eng ge his fiery enemy further within his troops: th' effect anſwered his expectation.

PHI.

Oh!

CAP.

For *Arviragus* with ſome others round encloſed by a choyſe company prepared for the deſigne, was beaten from his horſe, and pearc'd thorow with ſo many wounds that ſcarce his body cou'd be knowne after th' victory, which quickly was by us obtain'd, their Generall once loſt, in whom it ſeemes their rebell courage lay.

KING.

Looke to my daughter, ſure ſhee's not well, what did they with th' traitors body?

CAP.

The ſouldiers tore it piece-meale, in revenge of all their kindreds blood that had been ſpilt, only his head with much a doe was ſaved to ſet upon the City gates, to frig tall trayters from the like attempts.

GUI.

Looke to my ſiſter, ſhe ſwounds.

KING.

Upon your life none ſtir to helpe her, may ſhee ne're wake ag ine; then *Arviragus* ſhe's by farre a greater traitor: wud our ſo great a preſervation touch her thus to th' quicke elſe? come from her, gentle youth, ſhe's not worthie of our love, or pity; degenerat baſtard! Ye powers, grant that her ſoule be now entring th' infernall barke; but I am mercifull to wiſh her dead.

Returne thou fleeting ſpirit, and in this loathed
carcaſe longer dwell:

My

My anger ſhall inflict torments on earth, above the paines of hell.

The end of the fourth Act.

Enter SINATVS, *and a* LORD.

SIN.

O *Arviragus*, how moſt unhappy that I was not born th'y ſubject! it had been more content to me, if thou hadſt tane my life, forfeated to thy Juſtice, than in this liberty; thy Army is a heaven, this Court a hell for vertuous men: what a cold welcome have I found, for all my faithfull ſervice? th' Prince *Guiderius* ſcarcely thanking me for his deliverance.

LORD.

Coſen, me thought the King did expreſſe much joy t' ſee you.

SIN.

'Tis true, but he hath many cares upon him, indeed is ſcarce himſelfe, ſeemes to bee now what his ſon was, governd by paſſion.

LORD.

O the diſcovery of his daughter's love to *Arviragus* made him almoſt mad; but who can blame her for a love ſo noble as he, th' braveſt man alive?

SIN.

'Tis true but hee's an enemy to our State, and that conſidering, h'expreſſion of her father's anger is moſt juſt; Princes are borne not for themſelves alone, but for their countries good.

LORD.

But tho their bloud bee royall, it cannot hinder them from humane passions, and that's no love that reason can confine; but here in *Philicia* to *Arviragus*, reason must seeme to be the ground of love, and so from him to her: I wonder it cou'd be so long conceal'd from the King, me thought it was impossible it shud be otherwaies; but to say truth, it was a prettie policy th'King us'd to know the certainty, by that terrible description of *Arviragus* death, and by that messenger that then was come from the Campe, so to avoid suspition of a plot.

SIN.

'Tis true, their policy was good, but, like a jealous husband, th'assurance of his feares proves an increase unto his torment.

Enter KING.

LORD.

Peace, here's the King much troubled in his lookes, I hope that messenger, and letter are contrary to that description he made his daughter.

KING.

Fled, defeated, utterly defeated, my best men slain, and the rest routed—— Can ye yet adde affliction, envious Powers, my glasse so neere run out? must I now stand to but for your fierce wrath? your glorie had been more had ye begun the quarrell sooner; yee know grave hairs on bending to th'grave will shame your opposition.

Enter GUIMANTES.

SIN.

O Sir, take heed, th' gods are infinite in all their attributes, only whilst we repine, or murmure they can

show

ſhow no mercy for any.

KING.

Nor doe I hope (pious foole) let them bee lookers on, impartiall unto either, and in the field Ile tugge for victory with this fierce *Arviragus*, whoſe very lookes turnes Lions into Hares,—but *Eugenius* was of a baſtard race, not of the Kingly breed, elſe he had died, e're turn'd his backe: that maxim falls, tho held by moſt, that he can ever make a better captaine that hath loſt a battle, than he who never ſaw misfortune; 'twas only an excuſe cowards invented, and th' generall world ſubject to that diſeaſe, now paſſes it for currant: to me there's no third; brave death, or victory onely becomes a Generall, the glorious Sunne ſhud never ſee my face, had I once turn'd my backe upon the foe.

GUI.

Tho this opinion Sir, ſeemes to include within the coward number me, your ſoane, as having loſt a battle, with this your late inſtruction; grant new power, and I ſhall with my hearts beſt blood, or our proud enemies, waſh off my ſtaine, and witneſſe to th' world my beliefe of this your manlike precept.

KING.

Thou didſt not flie *Guimantes*, 'tis that for which I taxe *Eugenius* that traytor who ſhall pay for't; in our diſpite we may bee made a priſoner, death like a coy Miſtris, will not ſometimes imbrace, altho ſhe ſeeme within our power; and for thy ſute againe to bee our Generall, our Honour does forbid it; now *Arviragus* is growne up worthy the hazard of our fame, our perſon, and it wud ſhow feare more then wiſedome, to ſend a ſubſtitute. No, wee will meet, young man, thou hadſt thy ſpring of honour, even under my command, ſince ripened fat by frequent Victo-

ries, and now that thou art growne to a wealthy Autumne, ready to reape the fruit of all thy labours; I, since thou provest ungrate, come like a forward winter to destroy thee, and thy seeming glories. *Adrastus*, and *Sinatus* wait our commands.

Exit King, Adrastus, and Sinatus.

GUI.

And I, since now *I* cannot feare *Eugenius* revenge, by faire means, or by force will this night have my pleasure of his scornefull daughter *Artemia*. *Ex.*

Enter ARVIRAGUS, *and* CLEANTHUS, *as in the Army.*

AR.

Cleanthus, what's thy opinion? did *Eugenius* escape with life out of the Battle?

CLEA.

I thinke a cou'd not, but your highnesse can give best account of him.

AR.

True, of his valour, but not safety; my body once buckled under his strong arme; 'twas well I had a better horse, whose strength did much availe, he made his way up to me thorow his fainting troopes, woed mee to the encounter, with such an admirable bravery, that honor thrust me forth to meet him, like an eager lover; and tho I then curst in my soule his troopes, and mine that parted us; yet now *I* blesse th'occasion, for at the best I shud have taken life from him, whose valour, and wisdome oft hath been the chiefe security of mine.

CLEA.

It had been happie for him to have died with those wounds that you only gave him, and sure their nature, and their number were sufficient to dispatch him, some being in the head, and face: he look'd as if he had been bath'd

bath'd in blood.

AR.

It was not all his owne, we once did close, and from
this arme issued a streames; and now the heat of angers
past, unto my fancie, he appeares most lovely in that
souldiers dresse: had an Angell told me he could I could
ever have embraced to such a bloody purpose, I shud
have given no faith, but thought it some deluding spi-
rit sent to beget division in our then esteem'd most per-
fect friendship. Ambition, thou airely sinne, thou mak'st
that double separation in Eugenius, first from his vers-
tue, then from me his Prince and friend: but Oh his
sonne! I will not thinke upon Guiderius, least it shuld
strike me with a generall numnesse, force all my blood
retire unto my heart, to guard it from the stroake of
his unkindnesse.

CLEA.

Why Sir, doe ye afflict your selfe for those, who no waies
doe deserve your thought, but how to punish their base
falsehood?

AR.

Which I will put in act, thou dost awake justice within
my soule; now wee are within a dayes march of the
head City,
Where *I* will either gaine what I desire,
Or in so glorious an attempt expire.

Ex.

Enter KING. ADRASTUS, SINATUS, CRATUS, *and others.*

KING.

Adrastus, thou art my confidence, in thee is my chiefe
hope, put now in act with speed what we concluded of
touching the knowledge of my life, and fortune, in this
present warre; use thy best diligence: I have sent a

Herald to desire an enterview with *Arviragus*, all to gaine time till they returne, flye my best servant.

ADR.

Most happy when your Majesty imployes me.

Exit Adrastus, and Cratus.

Enter a LORD.

LORD.

If it please your Majestie, *Eugenius* is arriv'd, and craves admittance to your presence.

KING.

Fetch in that boaster, but how? without a triumph? O by no meanes, attend him Lords, he was a Prince, but now appeares a slave by his base cowardise.

Enter EUGENIUS *mockt by them.*

EVG.

I am amaz'd, altho my fortune doe not deserve this seeming adoration shud bee reall, yet no waies am *I* conscious, that any action I have done deserves it as a scorne.

KING.

O my Lord, doe not beleev't, what, put these scornes upon the great *Eugenius*, that famous captaine, who sure hath brought in bonds fierce *Arvirugus*, or left him breathlesse in the field? if prisoner, bring him in, wee long to see him how his lookes are changed; no, then hee's dead, and in him all our dangers perish; we know our Princely brother wud be th' Master of his words, eiheir to plucke the wreath of victory from *Arviragus* brow, or death shud circle his.

EVG.

And so it shud, ungratefull Prince, had I beene seconded by those you gave me for assistance; no man I brought

brought from Pictland, but his blood manures th' unhappy ground; he fought on for me, these wounds were such as *I* exchang'd with *Arviragus* hand to hand, in sight of whom, no one of yours durst follow me; I was betrayed with mine, and left a prey to the insulting foe.

KING.

No coward ever yet wanted excuse, to lay the fault on others, but rather I believe it was a plot laid by our politicke enemy, and thy false selfe, so to destroy our forces, or else why didst thou charge, our Captaines not consenting at that time?

EVG.

Their coward soules made them move on with a snailepace in my despite, whilst *Arviragus* tooke in townes, rifled the Country; and had he past the river, after him broke downe one bridge, he must have taken the second City of your kingdome past all resistance.

KING.

And now what hinders him?

EVG.

Our best endeavour is a faire excuse, Jove gives the victory to whom he pleaseth.

KING.

And I who stand as Jove in power, pronounce thy actions treasons to th'state, for which thy head shall answer; I was a foole to thinke so neere a kinsman to my enemy, cou'd e're meane faithfully to me. Strike off his head immediatly, he that unto his friend was false to gaine a Crowne, wud be to me so, for advantage.

SINATUS.

O my Lord, if from successe you judge mens actions, there's none but mad-men will undertake to fight your battles; in this you take away the hope of ever gaining from your enemy Captain or Souldiers.

KING.

Well for thy sake *Sinutus* he shall live, but hence forth we professe nee're to employ a stranger, in our Warrs: nor can that Prince be wise, that does so if he have able Captaines of his own. Which we, thanks be to heaven, doe no wayes want, such of whose loves, judgment, and valour, we are confident.

2. LORD.

We all Sir, shall beleeve our selves most happy to spend our best bloods in your service.

KING.

And in that confidence we are resolved to charge our foe, nor suffer th' disgrace to be besieg'd in our chiefe City——for you *Eugenius* the death be your desert, we pardon your offence, and will allow a pension to mantaine you; and your children.

Exit KING, *and others.*

Manet Eugenius.

EUG.

O miserable *Eugenius*! where breathes a man so wretched? but I deserve all this and more; why doe I live to suffer such affronts? I shoud have strooke the Tyrant dead in midst of all his scornes: I had a soule once wud have inforc't me to th' attempt, but thou hast lost thy selfe fond man; guilt makes thee base, I forfeited my courage when I lost my vertue.

Enter one.

What the great Prince of *Pictland* all alone, and discontented——please your Highnesse command your vassall any service.

EUG.

I understand your scorne Sir, and am afflicted with it; having your end pray leave me, lest I be moved to doe something that may content me too.

2. Your

1.

Your Highneſſe pardon, I conceive ye wud be private to conſider how to diſpoſe your priſoners. *Exit.*

Eug. Slave.

Enter two.

1.

If it may no wayes be offenſive to your Highneſſe, we wud deſire to know when the double marriage ſhall be ſolemnis'd betweene the Kings children, and yours.

2.

Sure your Daughter will bring us warlike Princes, and fortunate like you their noble gran-ſire.

EUG.

Are they not ſet a purpoſe to ſtirre me to ſome violent act, on which the tyrant meanes to take advantage?

1.

Me Lord, I have ſome skill in making pageants, dare undertake to pleaſe th'people, much pleaſe you that I may have employment in the triumph?

EUG.

By all means Sir, you ſhall.

1.

And Sir, *I* hope.

EUG.

You may Sir, hope any thing ſo you'l leave me.

1.

O me Lord.

EUG.

Els *I* ſhall pay ye e're you undertake your worke.

BOTH.

We goe Sir. *Ex.*

EUG.

If *I* be more oppreſt with ſuch as theſe, were it before th' tyrants face, *I* ſhall revenge my ſelfe; but heer's the Prince, ſure hee's not like the reſt——Sir *I* preſume.

Gui.

GUI.

'Tis true ye doe so.

EUG.

Why doe you not know me Sir?

GUI.

Yes, and wud have ye know your distance a runnagate, I will not call thee traytor, shud not approach th' person of a Prince uncal'd. *Exit.*

EUG.

Can I yet suffer? sure I am Planet-strooke, heere had been a subject worth my anger, i'le after and sacrifice him to my enjuries——stay——what wodst th' doe, by a rash act, forfeit thy childrens lives? perhaps there useage yet is noble; they have not proved unfortunate in Warre, ther's no treason nor no armies losse laid to their charge.

Enter ARTEMIA, *in disorder.*

Who's this, my Daughter *Artemia*?

AR.

Even she your most unhappy, and most injur'd child.

GUI.

Speake my *Artemia*! meanst thou in my affronts or personall injuries to thee?

AR.

O Sir, the vicious Prince?

GUI.

No more, a little pause, untill I muster up my much infeebled spirits. I finde I nee're shall be the master of a rationall soule, nor know the proper time for action; but rage shall supply all my defects of judgement: speake; thou dost already plainly to my feares, the lustfull Prince hath forc't thee, speake and free me from all my miseries at once, for I know I shall no longer grieve, why art thou slow to rid

me

me from my ſuffering —ſay, art thou raviſh'd? I ſee thou fearſt to kill thy father, be not deceived, if it be ſo, it only will convert my ſorrowes into rage, and I ſhall live untill I take revenge.

ART.

I ſhame to ſpeake what I have ſuffered, tho yet a maid, this knife was my protection.

EVG.

Think not thy feeble arme had power, it was the gods, my child, the baſe attempt calls for revenge; but how? alas I have not power, nor my ſword is left me yet; but wher's the means to uſe it? I loſt an opportunitie, that I wud give this hand I cou'd call backe; I might have kil'd *Guimantes* in height of all his ſcornes, but now— *lyes downe.*

Enter GVIDERIUS.

GUI.

O, my deare father, how I joy to ſee you!

EUG.

Thou canſt not ſure *Guiderius* joy to ſee me, to ſee me'e thus at leaſt; the univerſall eye that viewes the ſonnes of men, does not behold one neere ſo wretched.

GUID.

And t's that preſent miſery in which I judge you happy, proſperity in unjuſt undertakings is not a bleſſing: but I might curſe; the gods Sir, wud ye bend to them, in an acknowledgment of your offence, wud caſt an eie of pity in your miſerie, and ſend reliefe. Riſe, and take comfort.

EUG.

Shame to my age, that thou ſhouldſt now become my tutor; you powers, I find your mercy to me, in your juſtice, for whilſt my hopes were high, and that I proſper'd in my ambitious deſigne, the ſinne of my ingratitude and falſe-hood

to *Arviragus* appeared but triviall, tho often urg'd, ere we left Pictland, by thee my vertuous sonne, to the full waight, a burden now intolerable: cou'd that bee added to my owne mis-fortunes, this instant my heart wud breake with th' consideration; but 'tis impossible that they shud mix my miseries, brought me but to the sight of my offence, and vanish'd; hee that doth truly grieve at sinne, joyes in the punishment that made him know it.

GVID.

Come, my deare sister, now begins our happinesse.

Exeunt.

Enter ARRASTUS, *and* CRATUS.

AD.

Now brother we are at the Cave where th' old Bellam lives, and well this uncouth dismall place becomes the company shee keeps, spirits and goblins.

CRA.

I doe confesse it looks as if it confin'd upon hell, but doe ye thinke it possible that she can satisfie the Kings desires, by th' foretelling of his present fate in battle, and his end?

AD.

The many proofes that shee hath given of her great knowledge, hath made her famous through this Iland; especially th' King hath cause to trust her prediction, since she foretold his conquest o're the Picts, and before that, his being King, tho then three brothers stood betwixt him, and the throne: come let's enter.

Enter WITCH.

WITCH.

No, ye shall not need, speake why ye come?

AD.

AD.

Doe not you know?

WI.

It matters not, speake or returne.

AD.

Be not so angry, we come from th' King, that honor you, and justly, for your predictions touching him, both hitherto been true and happy.

WI.

Be briefe, or else I leave you; what is't he demands?

ADR.

The issue of the present warre he hath in hand.

WI.

Is that all?

ADR.

No, he desires likewise to know, when, and what shall be his end?

WI.

His army shall the battle gaine.

ADR.

That's good, but what shall be his end?

WI.

Within few dayes he shall be slaine.

AD.

How? but say by whose hand shall it be?

WI.

Traytor, in thy despight, by thee.] *Exit witch.*

ADR.

Out Hag, by me? thou shalt first be burnt, or goe to hell quick ere I act such wickednesse: sure all th' Iland hath been cosen'd in this woman hitherto, or now she doats, and the divel whom she hath so long commanded makes a foole of her.

CRAT.

I am sure we shud prove such, did we returne no other answer

answer to the King, lets in after her and aske some other.

AD.

Agreed —— *Fire flashes out of the Cave, and hideous noyse.* Fly, we shall be torne in peeces els, ther's no forcing of the Divell to speake.

Exeunt.

Enter two CAPTAINES.

1 CAP.

I wonder that your Prince will consent to an enterview, the crafty tyrant does it only to gaine time.

2 CAP.

'Tis well if it be no worse, for my part I feare some treason.

1 CAP.

That can hardly be, ther's but two upon each side and they are to be searcht before th' Princes meet; the place, a flight-shot from each Army.

2 CAP.

Harke, th' triumph gives warning, they are setting forward. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one dore ARVIRAGVS, *and* CLEANTHVS, *at the other the* KING, *and* PHILICIA.

AR.

Ha! doe I see cleare, the *King* and *Philicia*? 'tis she, what face but hers cou'd shoot such rayes and wound at distance? take heed fond man this, glorious comet wud never thus appeare but for thy ruin.

PHI.

What were my joyes to see these eyes againe did not my happinesse finde checke from apprehension of my fathers comming?

KING.

You see, most noble *Adviragus* we not exceed in number although we vary in th' Sex; our son we did intend to have chosen for our ayde, but when we did consider his fierce and cholerique nature, apter to make new wounds then salve th' old, we chose to bring our Daughter, equall intereſt'd in our love, nay crowne, for we have to the World made it known, since we have found him disobedient, that she shall share an equall portion of our State.

CLE.

That net is spread.

KING.

But this is from our purpose.

A R.

I must not thinke so.

KING.

Tell me brave youth, wherein had I so ill deserved that you cou'd doubt performance of my promise, or did you thinke my meaning good, but that my sons unequall arrogance frighted me from performance.

A R.

Great *King* doe not beleeve I so much shud mistake your character, which by the World is easily read, to thinke you feare your son, a subject by a double ty, no, I must call my injuries your own, actions proceeding from a provident care to enlarge your State, rather to settle by a politicke way *Pictland* yours for ever, which force and tyranny for th' present had made you master of.

KING.

Had that been my designe, why did I save you when a child, and since? added each day new honors, nay wud have rais'd you to a happinesse above, your hopes in spite

in spite of him that envy'd your felicity, and arrogantly durst oppose a King, and fathers will, his malice might proove useleſſe yet to breake our friendſhip? wud you confeſſe that you have erred, nay ſhud you ſue for peace, we ſo much prize your love that you might almoſt make your own conditions.

CLE.

Beware Sir, of theſe flatteries.

AR.

I muſt confeſſe Sir, what you have alleadg'd ſeem'd to be done, but well we both doe know, you ever, *I* of late, that there was wanting a reall ſoule unto theſe ſeeming kindneſſes; your own advantages ſtill mooving to what you did, and not my good or glory. Put then the ſervices that *I* have done you in an equall ballance with what *I* ever did receave, and I am confident, *I* am noe debtor; and for your apteneſſe to embrace a peace, wud *I* confeſſe my error, be pleas'd to know *I* am not ignorant of my advantage in the Warre, nor in th' juſtice of my cauſe: both are ſo great that ſcarce can you propoſe conditions for peace ſo diſadvantagious unto your ſelfe, that honor and wiſedome will permit me to accept of; yet that *I* may declare a thankfulneſſe for th' great confidence you have expreſt of my faire meaning by comming armed thus weakely, and that this enterview hath ſome thing in it of no common ſtrayne, I heare lay by all my advantages, nay more, oblige my ſelfe to ſtand to ſuch conditions for a peace as this faire Lady, of your part ſure, ſhall thinke fit to ordayne.

KING.

I ſee it takes.

PH.

Me Lord, this is no obligation on my part tho you intend to make it ſuch, for *I* muſt either ill requite

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th'honor, which you doe me, or prove my selfe an unkinde Daughter: as yet having embrac't no power *I* likewise doe avoyde necessity or guilt, my part in this your reconcilement, must be no other then my prayers, and teares which shall be plentifullfor the prosperity of both; the' means to which your abler judgements must determine, and not I.

KING.

Daughter did all that see our persons heare our words, *I* shud commend this your reservednesse, but we both know th'passion of your soule, approve and glory in them, seeme not amas'd; what ist Kings cannot know concerning persons so considerable as you are both to me? that very night *I* found you in th' garden walking, I coud have intercepted you my Lord, my son *Guimanthes* informing me that you were there, and urging me to kill you, which he had done by secret meanes had *I* not undertaken it, and form'd discourse with my Daughter of that *I* knew full well, so that you might by that have time to passe away unmarkt by any.

PH.

Almost this cunning does deceive even me, spite of my knowledge.

KING.

Those you Kil'd at the *Garden-doore*, for which the Law wud have condem'd you, I likewise knew off, but kept it from my son by whom they were set on to murder you; these acts, and his strange insolence have rendred him hatefull to me that if you will now lay down Arms, and fairely sue to be receaved my son in law, her Dowery shall be th' Principality of *Pictland*, in spite of him, and all that shall oppose it.

CLE.

Me Lord, this propositon is neither safe nor honorable, let not love ruin you and yours.

AR.

Thou doe'st awake me. Sir, I have thought, and finde what you propose, honor and reason commands me to refuse: for to receave as dowry with a Wife, what I possesse both by a right of bloud and conquest; wud show defect in judgement, and injure truth, but to expresse how much I prize this Lady, be she so pleas'd, heere from your hand *I* will receave her, and ever yeeld her homage for my Crowne, life and all my blessings, and to fill up my empty scale, to make the proposition weigh the better in your judgement, I freely will surrender what *I* possesse of your dominions, and serve you with my utmost ayde against all enemies that shall invade you.

PH.

Can my Father refuse this?

KING.

Honor that does command you to refuse *Philland* a dowry with my Daughter, commands me not to grant it other wayes, for els it will appeare, you force both from me, making my Daughter the salary of peace, nor can I thinke what ever you pretend, that you yet love her, or she you: true love wud o'recome these nice distinctions.

PHI.

I feare this passion.

KING.

But since you are such temperate lovers, that when the warrantable joyes of Hymen thus temptingly invite ye, will not adventure stretching of a sinew, to reach the fruit, *I* am resolved never againe to prostitute my selfe unto your scorn devested of my wonted Majesty, no tho my owne and the whole Kingdomes ruin follows, in which I will secure thy punishment: justice commands that she, who wud not seeke to save the bloud of thousands, perish.

AR.

AR.

Sir, ye are now too passionate, ther's no ground for this great alteration.

KING.

Nor wud I have thee thinke, yong man, these offers doe proceed from thy victorious Army: my present Forces equall thine, treble the number of thy victories; make up my fame, and I shall meete thee tho my haires be gray, wtih the first virgin honor that I won, which still adorns my creſt, and shall doe 'till the hand of death sue a divorce, which must be bloodyly disputed.

PH.

What shall *I* doe?

KING.

Either accept what I proposed, which was th'utmost honor cou'd permit me, or by to morrow Sonne prepare for Battell.

CLEA.

Accept the Battell Sir, there is no trusting him.

KING.

This seeming passion may prevayle, and when I have him once, no ransome shall redeeme him.

AR.

O Honor, why shud'st thou thus oppose my joyes I can not either way resolve, nor is it fit I shud, she must dispose me whose I am; dearest *Philicia* lay your command upon me either way, and I shall glory in th' event, although it prove my ruin.

PHI.

Of which rather then be th' author, I wud be strucke with thunder, at this present.

AR.

Speake, O speake *Philicia*! by our love I doe conjure ye.

PH.

Yeeld then my dearest *Arviragus*.

KING.

KING.

Hee's won.

AR.

I shall name, but to what?

PHI.

To what? to what your safety, and your honour shall direct you.

KING.

Must we prepare for warre then? it seemes you give the sentence, and delight in blood.

PHI.

So farre Sir, am I from it, that upon my knees I sue to both for peace, but chiefly to th' gods, by whom inspired, I now dare give advice; for three daies let a truce be sworne by either side, in which time all may be considered, more maturely waighed, than on this sudden; Heaven that inspired me with this thought, may settle all your differences, which are not great, or least allow me means of flight.

KING.

What sayes Prince *Arviragus*?

AR.

I shall most willingly consent, and vow a sacred observation on my part.

KING.

The like I sweare, for I to morrow shall know my fate in Battle, and my end, according to which *I* shall direct my actions.

AR.

O that I durst presume to kisse those hands! it wud expresse a fondnesse prejudiciall tous both.

PHI.

His eyes shot beames of love into my soule; thou gentle power, grant mine an equall force, and let him languish with the wound, feeling no cure, like me, till we againe shall meet.

KING

KING.

Farewell, my Lord, we'l send to treat.

Exit King and Philicia.

AR.

Most willing——so parts the Sunne stealing behind a cloud, and shaddowes up the world in envious night; and day, I feare, will never breake so gloriously again: what killing griefs sease my heart from that consideration? how shall I suffer a long, perhaps an everlasting absence, a minutes time yielding this torment? I was too nice for termes of honour; Ile call her father back, and yeeld him all he can desire. Stay——thou fond man, she seem'd to injoyne me the contrary,

Who is divinely good and wise, obey her will,
Whose smiles can make thee blest, whose frowns can kill

Exit.

Enter ADRASTUS.

AD.

Traytor, in thy despight, by thee——So said the witch, that I shud kill the King; 'twas a strange answer, and will appeare as strange for me to tell him; there's danger in't——true, if it were the insinuation of another, but when I my selfe shall tell him; I whom a loves, whom he hath trusted with many bloody secrets, ——Secrets, and bloody ones; his character being rightly waighed, reason does tell mee, that rather shud increase, than lessen feare; to tell him that I do know his secrets, is but to prompt him to his safety, in my ruin, the dead can tell no tales without a miracle; besides all the large promises that he hath made me, in my death are cancel'd, and he stands free to worke another to his end by blasts of aire, for such his promises have prov'd to me——but stay, what shud *I* tell him? what she said? no, rather frame another answer, that will not doe

doe, my brother heard it, and who in such a cause dare trust a brother or shud the *King* not like the answer, misdoubt, send or goe himselfe, or the dam'd witch informe him by a spirit, what death with torments were I then to looke for? I tremble but to think onth', horror invades me every way.

Enter CRATVS.

CRA.

How now brother, what troubles you?

AD.

What I shall nee're be free from. *Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter GUIMANTES, *and a Lord.*

Gu.

Me Lord, what is the *King* my father doing? is he ready yet?

LORD.

Yea Sir, he hath been talking with *Eugenius* this halfe houre.

Gu.

Of what?

LORD.

Trying to draw out of him by wily circumstances the maner of *Arviragus* ordering his men in Battell, what part he fights in himselfe, and all questions touching these points.

GV.

Sure he doats, will my father trust the counsells of the person of a man so discontented nee'r himselfe?

LORD.

For his person he cou'd not hurt the King, unlesse

leſſe with his eyes, he hath no weapons, and for his counſells that the *King* was not oblig'd to credit more then he found likely, in reaſon.

GU.

Goe ſee when th' *King's* at leaſure, and bring me word here or in th' gallery.

LO.

I will Sir. *Exit.*

GU.

How tedious is it to expect a Crowne? how ſervill? for I am forc'd to curbe my nature, dare not expreſſe my hate or love, unles it pleaſe my father: thus like a ſchoole-boy, doe I ſpend my beſt of time my youth, wherein we onely can taſt true happineſſe; had I the Scepter in my hand, I rather wud adventure looſing it, then any pleaſure that my youth deſired, whereas my cautelous and wary father ſcarcely ever yet enjoyed a pleaſure worthy of a King, doubt ſtill attend his deſires, nere once irregular, ſo fooling himſelfe out of his joyes by being too apprehenſive of th' enſuing danger. He truly doth enjoy pleaſures that boldly acts ſins, and els are only ſhares in the facts.

Exit.

Enter KING, SINATUS, EUGENIUS, ADRASTUS, CRATUS, *and others.*

KING.

Adraſtus moſt welcome, yet I know not, thou haſt ſomething in thy looke diſmayes me, I feare thy meſſage.

AD.

Yee have no cauſe, in private yee ſhall know't.

KING.

All leave us, *Sinatus*, and *Eugenius* only may ſtay two roomes off, we muſt have further conference with them anon, but let not any preſume to diſturbe us till we call.

SIN.

We ſhall be carefull, Sir.

A D.

Remember what I told you.

CRA.

Feare not.

KING.

Now *Adraſtus* we are alone, ſpeake boldly.

A D.

Sir, *I* ſhall.

KING.

And truly on thy life what e're it be, yet *Adraſtus* thou art to me as fate, and what thou ſhalt deliver is like the ſentence of the gods inevitable, therefore if it tend to ill give me ſome little pauſe, that ſo my ſpirits recollected *I* may meet it like a *King*.

A D.

Why ſhud yee feare Sir? ſhe you ſent me to inquire of did ever yet foretell things happy.

KING.

'Tis true, and thou doeſt rayſe me much with that remembrance, ſpeake then and joyfull things.

A D.

My brother Sir, and *I* according to your Majeſties command, found out the Beldames Cave; at the mouth of which ſhe met us, denyed us entrance, aſk't our buſineſſe and from whom, we told her all that you deſired to know——ſhe anſwerd for th' firſt your Army ſhud the Battell gain.

KING.

O happy newes blest *Adrastus*!

AD.

Not so, for in few dayes you must be slaine.

KING.

Ha! slayne by whom? CRATUS *drawes his sword.*

AD.

Locke backe and see?

KING.

Traytors.

AD.

And 'tis true, now I am he, and fear in my dispite hath made me do't. KING

Oh, oh, Treason, traytors.

AD.

Dispatch, dispatch, so now 'tis don, hee's dead and all my feares in him.

CRA.

We have been too hasty, my soule trembles at the object he was our *King*.

AD.

Ha? relenting? this must not be.

CRA.

O brother your perswasions have made me miserable!

AD.

Ther's no disputing now, our safety and reward lies in our flight to *Arviragus*, had we not kil'd him, we had been sure to have died our selves.

CRA.

It had been better so, then beare the guilt I feele.

AD.

So conscience take thy wish. *Kils him.*

CRA.

Oh, Villaine, Traytor.

AD.

Yes, I am so, but who knowes it now ?

CRA.

O[th' gods.

AD.

Ha, what noyse was that ? i'le shut this doore; *Eugenius*, and *Sinatus* may have heard my brother or the *King* when they call'd out: now can I but passe the port I am secure, that doore opens out of this Chamber, towards the gallery, so to the garden, how ever I am past retiring. *Exit.*

Enter GUIMANTES,

Come backe *Adrastus*, whether so fast ? Why doest thou looke so gastly ? wher's my Father ? speake slave, what bloud is that upon thy Cloathes ?

AD.

What shall I say ?

Gui.

Speake.

AD.

O me deare Lord! I am so much amased, horror ties up my tongue, your fathers murthered.

GUI.

Ha, speake that againe !

AD.

Your father's murthered.

GUI.

By whom ?

CIE.

Eugenius, and *Sinatus*, whom I have lock't in the next roome, and in the *Kings* rescue kil'd my own brother, who was assistant with them. O see Sir, where your royall Maister lies stucke full of wounds, wud the fates had tane my life a sacrifice for his.

Gui.

GUI.

This sight doth more amaze then grieve mee: call for th'guard, or stay heere rather; this Lord altho a cow'rd ever may be an actor in this Tragedy himselfe, i'le shut him fast.

AD.

Ha, shut in: what means the Prnce? sure he suspects, 'tis so and I am caught in my own train, utterly lost; what death with studyed torments shall I suffer? no passage out? O horror to remaine heere! no living men cou'd more affright me, 'tis paine above what justice can inflict; O conscience, conscience, dead so long, why dost thou quicken now? must I feele hell heere, in this life?

Enter GVIMANTES, *and others.*

GUI.

Make sure th' doores th' other way, and rather kill then suffer them to scape.

AD.

Ther's comfort yet; I feare Sir, they are fled out at the other doore, they tryed all means to breake this open.

GUI.

Unlocke th' doores, and stand upon your guard, search all. *Exeunt.*

Enter LORDS.

Ther's none Sir, in this Chamber, if they be not hid, the further dorre is open.

AD.

Then they are fled.

Enter a LORD.

L.

Wher's the Prince?

GVI.

Here.

1.

Eugenius, and *Sinatus* Sir, are taken by th'guard, as they were passing downe into the Court.

Enter EUGENIUS, SINATUS, *with a guard, bound.*

GVI.

Villains, what was it that cou'd move you to a deed so horrid? for which, no punishment can be sufficient, and yet assure your selves to feele above what ever traytor suffered.

SIN.

I am not so much affrighted, as amased, nor that so much as grieved to see my master cold and bloodlesse; *Adastus* there can be a witnesse of our innocence, who with his brother only entred with the King into this chamber, commanded us to attend till we were call'd, which we obeyed untill we heard a tumult in the court, some crying treason, and comming downe to know the cause, we were assaulted by th'guard, we made resistance, till we knew the reason of their violence; Sir, this is all that I am guilty of, and I believe him likewise innocent.

GUI.

So do I too, but for my ends Ile not acknowledg it; beare off these traytors to the Prison, torture shall force them to confesse.

EVG.

No Prince, it shall not, for me, I am not sensible of guilt from any other actions, but those wherein I thought to doe thee, and thy father service against the best of men, O *Arviragus*, heaven doth punish me, now innocent, for I was false to thee.

ADR.

AD.

You ſee, me Lord, the cauſe that moved them to your fathers murther breake forth in their deſpight, their love to *Arviragus*.

GUI.

'Tis true *Adraſtus*, nor ſhalt your head ſtand long upon your ſhoulders, it only growes till I may cut it off with more advantage for my ends.

1 LORD.

I ſcarce can underſtand this buſineſſe.

2 LORD.

I know not what we ſhud beleeve.

AD.

Looke on your fathers wounds, and let that ſtirre yee up to take ſwift vengeance; how e're they were th' inſtruments, yet *Arviragus* gave the motion to their bloody hands. O my deare Maſter! ſhall *Arviragus* that bold traytor triumph in this ruin?

GUI.

I wud revenge, but how?

AD.

I am inſpir'd Sir, looking on your fathers wounds. Charge th'enemy this night with all your army, they are ſecure by reaſon of this truce, let my head pay the forfeit, unleſſe you doe the battle gaine. For by this hand the king is ſlaine.

GUI.

I like th'counſell, tho not the giver; my fathers death brings ſome diſorder Lords, but wil grow greater, known in our Campe.

And for the truce my father ſwore, to that I'me free,
How e're falſhood triumphing ſhowes like policy.
Take up that royall body, we will
not only waſh thy wounds in teares, an other flood:
Beſt fits revenge, a ſea of en'mies blood.

Epilogue.

OUr Author at the Barre of Cenſure ſtands,
Yet fears no hiſſe, nor hopes no clap of hands;
The gentler Sex that gives life to his muſe,
Such rude diſlikes, or plaudits never uſe;
But with a pleas'd, or diſcontented eye,
Can make a Poem live, or Poet dye.
If theſe, and who are theirs, in part approve
This our firſt Play, the ſecond then may move
A better liking; for the perſons known,
Their griefes, or ioyes oft move us, as our own.
The Author found it ſo, for having red
Thus farre the ſtory, and a few teares ſhed
With ſad Philicia, long'd to know the reſt,
Hoping that vertuous lovers muſt be bleſt.
Now if like paſſion be ſtird up in you,
He has writ well, ſo have we acted too.

Finis.

Scene Britaine.

The KING, an enemy to *Arviragus.*
GUIMANTES, the Prince.
ARVIRAGUS, in love with *Philicia.*
EUGENIUS, Cosen to *Arviragus.*
GUIDERIUS, son to *Eugenius.*
SINATUS, } Lords, & friends to *Arviragus*
CLEANTHES, }
ABRASTUS, a Lord, an enemy to *Arviragus.*
CRATUS, Brother to *Abrastus.*
PHILICIA, daughter to the King, and in love with *Arviragus.*
ARTEMIA, daughter to *Eugenius*, in love with *Guimantes.*
CARTANDES, Queene of the Danes, in love with *Arviragus.*
OSWALD, a Captaine, Cosen to *Cartandes*, in love with *Cartandes.*
ALDRED, a Danish Captaine.

Courtiers.	Captains.
Ladies.	Souldiers.
Messengers.	Murtherers.
Witch.	Spirits.

THE SECOND PART of ARVIRAGUS and PHILICIA.

Enter Guimantes *and* Adraſtus.

Gui. THis I confeſſe, by your advice wee broke the Truce and charged the Enemy, obtain'd the victory, but by that bloody victory were ſo much weakened, we durſt not keepe that field we were maſters of.

Ad. I could not ſir fortifie by *Divination*, the comming of the Daniſh Army; but be not ſir caſt down, what thoe? they of Scots and Wales, are haſting to your reſcue, prompted by generall intereſt againſt the Dane our common foe.

Gui. How know you this? there's no Meſſengers arrived.

Ad. But reaſon, that ſhould ever governe, does aſſure it; for ſhould the Dane once ſettle here, thoſe Princes ſoone would be ſubdued.

Gui. All this is politickly ſpoake, in the excuſe of your pernicious counſell; had wee not broake the Truce, the Enemy ſo ſoone diſcovered to be landed, would have knit all in perfect friendſhip, then *Arviragus* had beene married to my ſiſter, whoſe forces

joyn'd with mine, and he commanding, victory had beene assur'd against the Danes, hee was their fate, where ere he moved against them, to take revenge upon our false-hood, which false-hood had its ground from thee, thou from the Fiends, from whence all false-hood springs *Exit.*

Ad. A does not sure allude unto the Witch, 'tis true, from her I had the counsell which I gave him for the Battle, curse on these Danes, could they stay till I were settled in his favour, at least, untill *Sinatus* and *Eugenius* were dispacht: hu, there is not cause of feare, none but the Witch her selfe, who must seeme accessary, can discover me.

And for the powers below, they love to see,
The innocent condemn'd and guilt set free. *Exit.*

Enter Philicia *and* Artemia.

Art. Still shall afflictions multiply, is there no end o sorrowes, untill there likewise be no sence of joy? hard fate of mortals! thus our creation seemes vaine or unjust.

Phi. Artemia, doe not thus seeke to defeate the Gods of their delight, let them behold in you their greatest master peece, as by reflex their owne unbounded excellence, patience, and fortitude, these jewels never shine, but when they are worne; times of great sorrow, are those uncertaine solemne feasts, the powers themselves attendants there, and if wee by our patience relish what they have set before us, they want not power, nor will to turne those bitters into sweet, whilst wee beleeve that there are Deities, we must beleeve them just and mercifull, so innocence at last shall triumph.

Art. Madame, what you have said, speakes you indeed divine, and such I ever have esteem'd you, but

but were you mould of the common clay with me, then you would wish you had neere seene the light, or soone to be eclipst so it: O my unhappy and much injur'd father, in spite of all their malice wee will dye together.

Phi. I hope for both a better fate, nor will I rest on hope alone, but use my utmost power, if it be possible, adde to your naturall artificiall beauty, and with your brother *Guiderius* present your selfe before the King, as hee goes to the Temple to sacrifice, who knowes? his hard heart may be moved to pitty you? at least if he from heaven expect it, for himselfe and State.

Arti. Madame I shall obey, and for *Guiderius*, your will gave life to all his actions, but now I feare hee is no more.

Phi. Ha; oh speake not that againe, least you become my comforter, as having griefs above you.

Arti. 'Tis a sad truth, that I must tell you, no sooner did he see the Armie move, and heard it was to charge Prince *Arviragus*, but fetching a deepe sigh, and looking up to heaven, as asking counsell there, he straight resolved to sacrifice his life to expiate our fathers fate, the way he's meant to doe it, was by giving notice of the Kings designe; how almost beyond hope, it is that hee should passe both watches, or having past scape, when the King proved victor, I leave to your reason, mine tells me I shall never see him more.

Phi. Would I had no reason, 'twas a base wish, would I be freed from sense of suffering, where the cause is such, the danger of two persons so eminent in vertue, to whom my soule is tyed, by all the bands of love and honor; what tenderesse is this I feele for *Guiderius*? the danger of *Arviragus*, war, is for ought I know as great; no his strong arme and

skill in warre will be his guard, unlesse *Mars* envi-us of his glorie, should take the oddes of might to conquer him, but for *Guiderius*, both unprovided and unpractised, what will become of him in such a bloody and disordered warre? but let us hope the best, that vertue and that courage that engaged him in so brave an act of friendship, hath surely brought him off with safety; my prayers now and ever, shall attend him.

Arte. Madame it was his wish, that when ye came to know what he had undertaken, you would pray for him, and if he perish, shed one teare, but then forget him, who alive, nor dead: would not with your least trouble, buy the greatest happinesse the earth could yeeld to him. *Exit.*

Enter Oswald *and a Danish Captaine.*

Cap. My noble Lord, although the wind set fayre, I did not thinke your shippes had beene so ready for the Sea, to bring you hither, thus soone from *Denmarke*, is a most happy passage.

Os. My sighs and vowes did emulate the wind, and fill'd my sayles, for who could stay behind in peace, having so brave and sweet a Leader to the warre? O tell me Captaine, how the divine *Cartandes* brookes, the British ayre, this place and people that she so deadly hates; does not their *Genius* backe returne malevolent aspects upon her personall health?

Cap. That were enough to eclipse the glory of our hopes, the conquest of this Ile could not be ballast with her losse of health, a day.

Os. An houre, a minute, for thee is all that ever yet was excellent in either sex.

Cap. And equall to such vertue hath her fortune beene

beene since she arrived, for they not long since, were glutted with our blood, and sent our last dead Soveraigne to his grave, with sorrow; for our shamefull losse, have now themselves just, as we landed, ruined by a civill strife, our terrour (*Arviragus*) being the cheefe that did oppose the King, and in the bloody Battle slaine, as some report.

Of. This is the some of your proceedings, then.

Cap. Are they not brave and fortunate, promising a happy issue, which that the God of Warre may grant, our Queene, and Leader, performes a vow she made upon her landing, which was to offer up to *Mars*, by way of Sacrifice, the first prisoner we should take upon the Ile.

Of. It hath beene sometimes practised by most warlike Nations.——harke.—— *Loud Musicke.*

Cap. 'Tis th' Queene preparing to the solemnity.

Of. There cannot be a better place for me to kisse her royall hand.

Enter Cartandes, *two or three Ladyes and Lords.*

Car. Cosin *Oswall*, most welcome, you have beene diligent, are all your ships well furnisht?

Of. Not any thing defective gracious Lady.

Car. 'Tis well, bring forth the prisoners;

Arviragus *and* Guiderius *brought forth by two Captaines and Souldiers.*

Mars grant that they be worthy of thee, the blood of cowards will prophane thy Altars—— their formes are promising, how were they taken? did the manner witnesse their courage, which was first taken prisoner.

Ald. Both at once.

1. *Cap.* Though I shall boast the vigour of this arme, that did subdue the one, and he doubtlesse the braver man, yet briefly thus, the Battles having joyned

ned, and thousd carkasses strowing the earth, or ra-
ther swimming in the sea of blood, of which I must
confesse I drew no part, I found this Gentleman with
his sword drawne, warm'd and enraged with for-
mer fight, but that I set against his wounds some
scratches, so that I count wee met on equall termes.

Car. Be breefe in your most terrible relation.

Cap. And please your Majestie there is not
much behind, I tooke him prisoner without another
stroake.

Car. Or wound, but those he had before receiv-
ved.

1. *Cap.* Your Majestie sayes wondrous true.

Car. This halfe-dead man cannot be worthy of
our sacrifice, at least untill recovered of his wounds—
which see performed with all your care.

Exit with Arviragus.

Guid. Thankes heaven, O may I be excepted that
am unusefull to the world.

Car. Captaine, speake now how ye became a ma-
ster of your prisoner.

Aldr. Madame, not by a single arme, but multi-
tude was hee orecome, nor yet could they have
gain'd a victory, but that his care of his distrest and
wounded friend, kept him from traversing his ground,
whose side hee never left, resolving an imbrace in
death: this I with wonder and delight observ'd, re-
membring of your vow to sacrifice, and knowing that
the persons value most, makes the offering more ac-
ceptable, I cast how to preserve that life he sought
to loose, rather then quit his sword, and so resol-
ving to receive a wound and close, it tooke the wisht
effect, for whil'st I clasp't him in mine armes, my
Souldiers seaz'd his weapons.

Car. Thankes fate, and thankes to valiant and
carefull *Aldred*, thou brave young man, whose va-

lour

lour I admire, but must not pitty thy fortune, otherwise then as thou art borne in this cursed Ile, beare thy selfe, when thou comes to dye, as nobly as when thou foughteſt to free thy selfe, and friend, and thou shalt have an Altar rays'd in a Queenes memory, on which perpetuall prayses shall be offered, to appease thy angry ghost.

Guid. Great Queene know, I should joy to be both Priest and Sacrifice to serve you; for those you come to take revenge upon, I hate above you, the treacherous and coward King whom you beſiedge; but since my desires as yours, tend to his, and his Kingdomes ruine, how can I be a proper offering to procure that blessing from great *Mars*? I blush least you should thinke I urge this from a feare to dye, yet all that have from (nature) being, abhorre a dissolution, but I durst dye, and boldly strengthned by powers that governe nature, yet I should grieve in death, to see so sweet, so brave a Queene, so pious to the Gods, so farre mistaken, to draw downe vengeance by the abhomination of her Sacrifice.

Car. The powers who are, then wee more knowing, seeme to have chosen you, nor dare we to infringe our vow; yet so much you have won upon us, that wee'l deferre performance of our vow some dayes, and then your friend and you, if he doe live, shall cast lots for your lives.

Guid. Though you intend this as a mercy, I would not be Monarch of the earth, abide the tryall—in *Arviragus*, three must dye——your selfe excepted beauteous Queene; know that I hate your Nation, defie your *Mars*, and all the powers you worship.

Car. Ha.

Omnes. O Impious.

Guid. Call for your Priest, and let your worst of

torments seaze me, I mockt you when I sued for life, and yet death cannot yeeld a happinesse like that I leave behind in *Arviragus* and *Philicia*.

Car. Is this from feare or from contempt of death, or growes it from a tendernesse of friendship? it must be so, and I will be resolved, before he dye.

Guid. Why are ye slow in execution? sure you doe feare me more then *Mars*, thus bound.

Omnes. Let's cut him peece-meale for this blasphemie.

Car. Hold I command you, none dare to usurpe on the Priest office, your zeale is ignorance, this fellow that appeares so brave upon the sudden, does it through cunning, or else is growne distracted from apprehension of the torments he's to suffer, if none of these, yet shall hee die, when hee desires it, no I will meete his cunning with the like, and what I find can most torment him, that he shall be sure to feele, beare him away to prison:

The bodies torment's light, the mind being free,
Ile make them partners in his misery. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Artemis *drest*, Adrastus, *the* King, Philicia, *and a* Trunt.

Adr. Make way there, cleare the Temple doores: what would this Lady? she must not now trouble the King.

Arte. I must and will speake to him — Traytor and murtherer: King, when thou kneelest before the Altar, and implores heavens helpe in thy distresse, thinke on *Eugenius*, whom unjustly thou hast doom'd to dye, else be assured thy prayers turne to curses, from me one plague thou shalt be sure of my fathers being put to death, I will unclothe my spirit,

of

of this earth, which can by place be circumscrib'd, then neither guard nor lockes shall keepe me from thee, but I will ever fright thy guiltie soule, till thou shalt wish like me a dissolution of thy parts, so to become lesse sensuall of torment, yet by that error make thy plagues more horride.

King. What kind of spirit's this, that gaines pitty by threatning mischiefe?

Phi. Kneeles. Sir, with this Lady I must joyne, and to her sute adde good *Sinatus* pardon, pardon? I must not call it so, for should I move for them, yet thinke them guilty, I should become an accessarie to the murther of my father, no sir, for certaine they are cleare, I have beene with them both in prison, guilt seldome weares a confidence like theirs, when death's so neare, who usually plucks off the vizars from dissimulation, heare their cause pleaded by your selfe the judge; and if they prove not innocent, inflict a punishment for my presumption, equall to their fault.

King. Rise sister, I grant the sute. But now to you *Artemia*, thou hast gain'd a power so great, I wish my prayers to the Gods of equall efficacy—— on the Temple. *Exit.*

Manet Adrastus.

Adr. How doubtfull stands my life and fortune? apparant danger circles me round, their innocence can no wayes rise but from apparancy of guilt in me, I tremble with the apprehension; the Sacrifice once past, the King may give command to keepe me prisoner till the tryall; ther's no argument why I should hope his favour, hee never lov'd me in his fathers life, and for his kindnesse now it comes

by Starres, as from designe not flowing naturall, I am resolved, she that foretold me of the Kings fate, and his Armies likewise, can foretell something of mine:

Guide me infernall powers, and let me be
Powerfull on earth, this for eternity. *Exit.*

Enter Cartandus *and a Captaine.*

Car. Is the place so ordered, that I may over-heare them, and yet they not perceive me?

Cap. I dare not say ye shall heare all, but much of their discourse, unlesse they whisper.

Car. Then sure I shall be satisfied. *Ex. ambo.*

Enter Arviragus *and the same Captaine.*

Arv. Sir, you oblige me every way.

Cap. 'Tis the Queenes command there should be nothing wanting to the recovery of your health, nor if her vow did not constraine her, would she be so cruell to your friend.

Ar. That friend you mention sir, I should be glad to see, my losse of blood made me uncapable to know or thanke him, when hee did performe so much in my behalfe, the last passage of my life, that comes cleere within the compasse of my memory, was, that my horse lay so upon me, that I could not stirre, when I received this wound upon my head, ever since all presents it selfe with much confusion to me.

Cap. Sir, I will leave you to your owne thoughts. *Exit.*

Ar. Your servant,——who can this be, that had so great a courage, and so great a care to save from bondage unhappy me, that was within the jawes of death? perhaps *Cleanthus*, of all most faithfull, and it

were

were no little joy to know he lives, but the deſcription I had ſince, and my then dazling eyes, perſwade me it was a yonger man.

Enter Guiderius *and a Captaine.*

Guid. This favour that I now receive, takes from the Queene all poſſibility of being hereafter cruell.

Cap. Ile leave you ſir to a full freedome. *Exit.*

Guid. O my deare Lord.

Arvi. Stay, is this a viſion, or being reall, how ſhall I receive thee? thou art the ſame in ſhow, as when thou wert faithfull,

Guid. Can *Arviragus* ſo much injure himſelfe to thinke I could be falſe? friendſhip contracted, if on either ſide it fall, does yet condemne your judgement of the guiltleſſe, that made ſo ill a choyſe, but never ſhall you by my want of faith goe leſſe in any circumſtance of excellence, but ſtill remaine the joy and wonder of all hearts that know you.

Arvi. Shall I beleeve this? didſt thou not with thy father, make a forfeit of thy faith, yet I might find a pardon from my love, and the ſtrict obligations of a ſonne for that, but thou didſt ſeeke to rob me from a treaſure, dearer then my ſoule, in my *Philicia's* love, thy guilt augmented by the truſt impos'd, and heavens that with thee only were the witneſſe of our vowes, muſt in their juſtice, lay ſome heavy puniſhment on thy falſe head for aymings at their violations.

Guid. They cannot adde to what I ſuffer now, whilſt you beleeve me falſe, and yet ſhould I deny I love *Philicia*, it were to injure truth, of which ſhe is the ſoule, but never can that love grow up to ſuch a pitch, to injure friendſhip, the maſter paſſion,

When

when this heart shall yeeld, althought that renders it unworthy of your love, this hand shall doe a horride justice upon it, and the corrupted person, the mover of such treason.

Ar. False-hood may beare a brow as smooth as his; and words thus steept in oyle, say were you not to have beene marryed to the Princes?

Guid. It was so beleev'd by all except our selves, but whilst they did prepare to wish us joy, we found onely in each others faithfulnesse to you, which on my part to witnesse, whom reason I confesse engages to suspition, 'tis fit besides the faith of friendship, I cleare my selfe by the same reason, that spotted me with guilt, for else friendship on your part by your suspect, seemes to have suffered, my father wrought on by ambition, a passion powerfull with great soules, I had no power to change nor to forsake, for so I, his sonne leaving him, had added to the oppinion of his guilt, nor durst I, when come to the King, show an aversion; but as I hopt and prayed, as fast I had the meanes to let my father see his guilt, and by the hazard of my life (if friendship doe not claime the act) beg his forgivenes, who will die your faithfull servant, in his behalfe I left the Citty, to warne you of the old Kings death, and that the new King, under security of the Truce sworne, meant to surprise you.

Arv. It must be truth.

Guid. Thus whilst impossibilitie forbad, my many obligations did command, but accidents crossing my good designe, I found you not till death had almost seaz'd you, your senses saying, where by the comming of a Troope of Danish horse, were made prisoners both to the faire and cruell Queene Carmide.

Arvi. O

Arv. O my *Guiderius*, thou haſt told a ſtory, that whilſt I doe with joy and wonder heare, transforme me to the guilty perſon, that could ſuſpect ſuch faith and nobleneſſe, why did I thinke *Philicias* alwayes true, and yet ſuſpect thee to be falſe, I dare not ſay thy worth is more then hers, but thou haſt left me farre behind, be not ambitious then of ſuch a fame as will beget the envy of the Gods, and make the ſtory of your friendſhip, when it ſhall be read, hardly beleeved, from the inequality of worth, the obligations all remaining on thy part, but in deſpight of partiall fortune, I will doe ſomething that may expreſſe I would not be ungratefull.

Guid. What would ye doe?

Arv. Thou ſhalt not dye alone, this bloody and inhumane Queene, had wanted power to make a Sacrifice of thee, but that thy love to me unworthy, had fore't thee dedicate thy ſelfe to death, but I will glut her barbarous ſoule that thirſt for humane blood, no Sacrifice can be ſo proper for the Danes as *Arviragus*.

Guid. I doe beleeve indeed, that but to know they had you priſoner, would yeeld more joy to the whole Army, then *Mars* could grant them for being offered; but is your hate to me ſo great, that you would gratifie my murthers with their wiſh? it rather would become your wiſedome and your courage (pardon ſo young a tutor) to ayme at liberty, by which you might revenge my death, and yet if yee doe finde, as I am confident ye ſhall, that pity in the Queene ſtrives with her piety to keepe her oath, let her not in a wiſh feele your revenge, 'tis fate then, you can onely quarrell with that, mark't me out the firſt that ſhould be taken priſoner on the Ile.

Arv. And

Ar. And therefore you must dye.

Guid. So fate appoints, which should ye seeke to alter; you lay a taxe upon my fortitude, and wrong our friendship.

Ar. But if it shall appeare you have done this slily, usurpe upon my right, as being first, if not as soone a prisoner, the breach upon your part will show like arrogance, I having more yeeres practis'd the wayes of death with greater frequency, to arme me for the encounter; had you (as I did once suspect) attempted to supplant me, in *Phillicias* love, from her perfections, I could sooner find excuses, then for this intrusion, her falshood could not taint my honor, but here in this rivality for death, if it be due, to magnifie a seeming friendship you stucke on me, the brand of fearefull coward, so yeelding up to chance or policy, that little fame that I have purchast, by my losse of blood.

Guid. O speake not this sir, your pure fame is mounted to a hight that slander cannot reach.

Ar. 'Tis just, I now suspect your friendship, that dare injure truth, fame that depends upon the breath of men, can neere be freed from its Creator; all we can doe to keepe it pure, is that the ingredients be made up of truth, and then the Gods approve of our ambition: that sacred friendship be not injured; I am resolved, if you were taken prisoner, first to glory in that confidence, which you shall show in death, and after if it growes within my power, revenge it to the full.

Guid. Not on the Queene.

Ar. That as you please, if I be found the proper Sacrifice.

Guid. You O sir, remember *Phillicia*, you must not thinke of dying.

Ar. No—yes young man, and when I thinke upon

Phillicia

Philicia, I am more ingaged, the Gods destroy not their owne Ordinances, nor bring us unto glory, or to joy, but by the wayes of vertue, honor they have appointed for the soule of all mens actions, and when I fayle in that, can they in justice grant me the continuance of so great a blessing, as *Philicia*'s love?

Guid. But with what justice can you seeke to alter that, which truth and fate appoints for me?

Ar. Nor truth nor fate are manifest, untill the end of every action.

Guid. For friendship sake, for all the joyes that you may justly hope for in *Philicia*, discover not that you are *Arviragus*, for other right to dye I know you cannot urge, you so shall onely prove a murtherer of your selfe, no wayes deliver me, which you intend; we both shall die, you in revenge of all the Danish blood, that you have shed, and I, to satisfie the vow.

Ar. No, I shall satisfie for both, their joy will be so great in their revenge.

Enter Cartandus.

Car. Vaine men, how bootlesse is your strife, did not my owne particular passion sway to an election, both should be sure to dye, yet I am rapt with admiration of your brave and faithfull soules, as having over-heard much of your Stories, and that ye are so excellent, though it increase pitty in me for you, it must likewise inflame me in the exercise of my devotion to great *Mars*, for now it is apparant, not chance, but the Divinity, prepared fierce *Arviragus* for his altar, whose blood once spilt by us in way of Sacrifice, shall prove as fatall to this curst Ile, as the Palladiums losse was to unhappy Troy.

Ar. Heaven

Arv. Heaven hath inspired you with their knowledge, Iam this Ilands fate, and in your power, the ruine of your nation, if I scape your hands.

Guid. Great Queene be pleas'd to thinke upon your vow, let not revenge injure your pity, I am the appointed Sacrifice; the way to conquer all this Ile, is to preserve this man alive; and by so great a favour make him yours, he is the heart, the center of her loves.

Cor. Away with both to prison, all arguments that either yet have us'd to change me, turne to confirmation of my resolution, so farre both are mistaken.

Where power and vertue, grounds of ruine be,
Safety would rise from imbecillity. *Ex. omnes.*

ACT. II.

Enter the Witch.

Witch. How dull and heavy are my spirits! the mischiefe that I doe, yeelds not the sweet delight, that I had wont to feele, how can they, being done by halfes? my power grows lesse, some Planet governs now that checks my Art, and why? the number of my yeeres cannot set limites to my Masters power, great *Lucifer* must raigne for ever, and unto me whilst I have being on the earth, he hath promist me power by vertue of our contract, Ile question with my spirit.——Ho, *Eglon.*

Enter Eglon.

Eglon. Here dread Mistris, what's your will?

Wit. Tell me why all the mischiefes I designe of late

late move slowly, or when effected yeelds me no pleasure as they had wont.

Egl. It onely growes from the distemper of your mind, sadnesse possesses you of late.

Wit. It is not that my power is lessened? I am not obeyed.

Egl. How, not obeyed? ye are our Princesse favourite, and hee is onely thought a happy Devill whom you employ, your power is without limite, speake but your wish, and in an instant 'tis performed.

Wit. Remove this sadnesse from me.

Egl. The peace of soule growes not within our Region, for great minds scorne such calme poore things, proper for Heinds, tempests of soule befits those that have power.

Wit. I grant this true, but I would have a present calme, to set the glory of those tempests off the better, let me have pleasing objects, Musicke, let every sence be glutted with delight, all that the world can yeeld, to please humanity.

Musque. *Exit.*

Egl. Away, all these at once are troublesome, variety can onely please, that gives the soule to all we can possesse, begone and leave me wholly to my selfe.

Enter Adrastus.

Adr. Yonder she sits, although I feare to speake to her, a greater feare compels me hither.

Wit. Ha, who art thou.

Adr. Grave Matron doe you not know me?

Wit. Now

Wi. Now I doe, what would you with me? speake your will.

Ad. She's gentle———
I come not now to know great Prophets, or Kings, but my owne fate.

Wi. Let me behold thee well, ha thou hast a dreadfull looke, that does portend mischeefe to me, and to thy selfe.

Ad. To you.

Wi. Leave me, I doe beseech thee.

Ad. Be pleas'd to tell me first my fortune.

Wi. I dare not.

Ad. Dare not, how she trembles.

Wi. Be gone, or to the King I will discover you kill'd his father.

Ad. Thou bad'st me doe it, so shal't appeare as guilty.

Wi. I did not villaine, ther's horror in his looke, Ile call my spirits to defend mee from him, feare takes away my power, nor can I speake a charme.

Ad. Are ye conjuring? sure I shall be torne in pieces, speake, name my fate.

Wi. I will not — cannot.

Ad. No, take thine owne then. *Kills her.*

Wi. Oh Lucifer, false Lucifer, thou hast deceived me ———Dies.

Ad. Ha, can she be dead, she stirres, so now sure she is, and by her death I reape a greater benefit, then what I came for, the knowledge of my end, no creature now can say, I kild the King, vanish all idle feare: since I had power to kill this Witch, I will contemne all danger.

Enter

Enter two Souldiers.

1 *Sol.* O My Lord, you are well found, We followed you with all the haste we could.

Ad. What would you with me?

So. The King commands to seize your person.

Ad. Ha-- How suddenly my naturall feare returnes? Sure I am lost, My noble friends, 'tis true, his Majesty is for the present incenst against me, on a Mistake: Which, when I shall have time to cleare, my power will be greater than ever: I dare engage my life, his Majesty himselfe will give you thanks; In the meane time, accept these trifles from your servant, and say you could not find me.

Sol. O my Lord, we dare not, so we may answer for you with our heads.

Ad. Will you not oblige me?

Sol. Not at so deare a rate, believe it, your Honour much mistakes, to thinke to Bribe us from our Duty.

Ad. Well I will follow you.

Sol. O your Lordship is much the better man, pray lead the way.

Ad. I will not, I suspect you come to murther mee here in this Wood.

So. Doe's your owne aptnesse to doe mischiefe make you suspect us? come along my Lord.

Ad. I will not, by what authority can you compell me? you have no warrant.

So. Yes- this seal'd by the Kings command, and this shall force you to his Presence, dead or alive.

Ad. There is no remedy--, I dare not fight with both; Honest Captaines, I doe commend your Faith; my innocence from any crime, and the Kings Justice, armes me with confidence, how ere I made a shew of feare;

and

and what I offered as a Bribe, I now reward your truth and Noblenesse. Withall, two officers, and neither will take bribe, shewes slander, and not truth doth brand your Tribes.

Enter Guimantes.

Gui. Thou Deity of Love, then natures selfe more powerfull. I find thy worke in my soule, even to the change of al my faculties, choller that from the smallest sparke occasion gave, wood in an instant grow a flame unto my trouble, and my friends confusion, is by the gentler fire of Love extinguisht quite, and I am pleas'd in nothing more than to forgive my thirst for *Arviragus* blood, is likewise quencht, my burning Lust changed to a heat like that which brings the Votary upon his knees before th'Altar, for 'tis in vaine to hope till I become In some proportion good to be incorporate with her that is the Essence both of Vertue and of beauty.

Enter Philitia and Artemia in mourning.

See where she comes, divine *Artemia*, joy in that mourning habit, the outward witnesse of your piety, and this day weare it, till you see intomb'd all the unruly passions of my soule, their deaths is as great a Trophy to your beauty, as those perfections are to nature; but this day past, unlesse you would againe destroy what yee have made, which were unnaturall, lay by these mourning weedes, Emblemes of sorrow, which ill befits her that commands a Prince.

Ar. I know not Sir how I have gain'd that power, Nor can I credit whilst my Father is a prisoner.

Gui. By this hee is not so, or if hee bee, danger shall keepe as great a distance from him as this heart,

heart, which I should be more carefull of, were it by you acknowledged yours.

Ar. I should bee unnaturall in the refusall, were I assured of such a simpathy, for nothing can be dearer to me then his safety.

Gui. Time shall not number many dayes, ere I remove all possibility of doubt how much I love you: and sister, that you may assist to give her all assurance, *Sisetus* likewise shall bee freed, whom I am confident, you love for *Arviragus* sake, as well as his owne Vertue, nay bee my turne, Ile leave both to the freedome of loves.

Phi. Is it possible wee should expect such blessing from you?

Ar. Sir I confesse I cannot doubt you.

Gui. Nor I then, of happinesse more than the world besides, Ile straight give order for brave *Adrastus* proces, Whom I doe more now then suspect did kill my Father, the forme of law to satisfie the world, must not be neglected, let your good wishes guide mee in the service I intend you. *Exit.*

Phi. O deare *Artemia*, all this is counterfeit, lust prompts him to dissemble, hoping so to gaine his ends on thee.

Art. I doe with griefe believe it, for I confesse I doe not hate his person, but his vice.

Phi. The love to *Arviragus* he profest, cal'd all in question: *Arviragus* thou art I feare above his malice, and doest from heaven laugh at his cunning falsehood, if on the Earth, may thy good *Genius* keepe thee farre without his reach, his malice is immortall, cannot cease, till vice and Vertue make a peace.

Enter 1.

1. O Gracious Lady the saddest newes.

Phi. Speake

Phi. Speake Sir, I know we are round beset with miseries, but say from whence the storme breakes first upon us.

1. From *Arviragus* death, the best omen.

Phi. Oh.

Though yet 'tis true he is not dead, 'twere vaine in me to seeke to comfort you, his fate is so certaine, hee's taken by the *Danes*, design'd for sacrifice, and they to him have so much cause of hate, that should the Gods command the contrary, of that they seeme to have decreed, and all mankind ioyne in the suit, they would not save him.

Phi. O 'tis too certaine, ill newes is seldome false; but how came you to this unhappy knowledge?

1 One of the *Danish* Centinels was taken prisoner, that declares this.

Ar. Rumours are often false.

1 This is too true, withall hee tells us of a youth, which strives with *Arviragus* which should dye, and paints him forth so lively, both in the bravery of his mind, and beauty of his person, that sure it is *Guiderius* your Brother, and my beloved Kinsman.

Art. Ah me, my Brother, poore *Guiderius*, my soule presaged thy ruine.

Phi. Though *Arviragus* danger fill my heart with sorrow, yet I am bound to offer this addition, and sure my heart grows dearer then it was, although not from encrease, yet from the assurance of my misery, beyond which, what a mockery will it be to live my Brothers scorne? besides, I must endure, for wee'l his large possessions show, he knew of this before: I am resolv'd, as yet I have done nought but take a little to expresse I loved, they bleed and bleed, yet I am idle: *Artemia* thou seemest strucke dead with the sad newes, it hath shot it selfe quite through thy tender soule, and well such sorrowes do become thee, thus melt thy self away.

I

I have no teares, weepe for thy ſelfe and me,
When ſo expir'd, Ile mourne for me and thee.
Exit.

An Altar rais'd.

Enter Cartandes, Arviragus *brought in.*

Car. Great *Mars*, behold the ſacrifice thou didſt appoint, before thy Altar ſtands, and from the Vally of th'offering, poure downe a bleſſing on thy Votarie, and theſe aſſiſtant, this is that man for whoſe ſake thou ſo long haſt frownd upon our Nation, making this Ile a Sepulcher for *Danes*, be reconciled wee beſeech thee, and accept our Vowes, let vs by him obtaine Revenge againſt our foes, and a full Conqueſt of this Land, halfe ruinated by their Civill ſtriſe.

Omnes Great Mars, we doe beſeech thee grant her ſuit and ours.

Car. Have at thy heart bold Pict.

Ar. Strike thou inhumane Tygreſſe.

Car. I have no power to ſtrike (I cannot) ſure ſome Divinity holds backe my hands, on the ſudden does inſpire me with a true knowledge of his will, whiſpers to my ſoule, the way to be revenged vpon our Saxon foe, and gaine the Ile, is to preſerve this valiant Prince, the favorite of *Mars*, ſtill I am prompted to this thought, and now methinkes even *Mars* himſelfe, did he appeare unto our humane eyes, could not command from me a greater reverence; doth not an awfull Majeſty ſhine round about him? it doth, and I am impious to ſtrive ſo long againſt a heavenly inſpiration: For what but a Divinitie would change, could change the mortall hatred I bore to *Arviragus*, even in the inſtant, whilſt I long'd for his hearts blood, which now ſhall bee the firſt of all my faculties, employed to ſerve him. *She unbinds him.*

Car. The

Cap. The Queene is certainely inspir'd.

Ar. What shall I thinke of this? am I not mock't?

Car. Receive this sword, and if you find this my respect not reall, then take revenge by making me a sacrifice, ——— and now to you my valiant Souldiers, for my sake, for obedience to th'Gods, Whose substitute I am, and so best know there will convert like me, your hatred to this Prince, to such a Love, as may beget perfect obedience, and in reward, I in the name of *Mars*, and all the powers assure your wishes: but lest there should be some, inward soules cannot as yet conceive or relish this our present happinesse, but must make reason the sole foundation of their Faith, as scorning all superiour or misterious working of the Gods, even unto such wee yeeld what they desire sufficient reason for our present act.

Ar. What shall I thinke of this?

Car. How nere was your last King my Brother, to the master of this Ile, When *Arviragus*, then a youth, gave check unto his many Victories, making it known then first, the *Danes* were not invincible, for till that time, ten *Danes*, where ere they met, would chase double the number of the Ilands, but now his vertue hath so shot it selfe through all the inhabitants, he being their leader, that we have onely lauded to bring our lives and goods as tribute, and as Trophies to inrich his fame: it is apparent then, that all the force, and vertue lay within his powerfull arme, nor can wee doubt of victory, having those strengths applied in our behalfe that was so prevalent against us, and for his faithfulnesse to us, we cannot doubt, the *Saxons* have betrayed him, in reward of all his favours, we for a thousand mischiefes hee hath done, not onely grant him life, but leave our owne to be disposed of by him.

Cap. What the divinity commands, and, our inform, it is our duty to obey.

Of. Your

Of. Your vertue and your Wisedome, divinest Lady, governes our wils as persons.

Om. Our happinesse is chiefly plac't in you, and sit you should appoint the way unto it.

Car. Then here with the consent of all, wee doe committ full power touching the War, to him that hither, to hath beene the great disposer of it.

Ar. Wonder thus long hath seal'd my lips, and though necessity inforce me to speake, it lesse is not my admiration, if your intent be reall, as reason yet inforces me to doubt, I must not undertake that power you would conferre, but upon these conditions, first that all *Picts*, be free and sharers in your conquest, next that all *Saxons*, who shall yeeld themselves, whole cities or particular persons may bee received as friends unto the *Danes*, and me their generall: this granted, I receive my charge, and vow by the immortall Deities, perfect obedience to her: whose bounty gives me life and power to right my selfe on these, whose falsehood sought to take it from me.

Car. This we must grant in reason, your *Picts* will be no little strengthning, and for such *Saxons* as shall yeeld themselves, they are as yours, and worthy of all favour, tremble false King, 'tis not thy City walls can defend: the sports will open flye, if *Arviragus* once approach their eye, whose hearts he doth command.

Thy subjects but in name,
His, conquer'd by his vertue and his fame.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Shee is not fairer then *Phisioid*, nor doth her mercy shewed to me, and *Arviragus* expresse her soule more noble, why then should shee be entertain'd with willingnesse to rule this heart, wheras my reason, Vertue, all my faculties, where ever summond up to

make resistance, gainst the assaults made by *Phylicies* merits, but here how pleasing is the wound, how sweet the Bondage, why is it so, unconstant that I am, how ever friendship, so, Vertue barr'd me the expression of my love in earnest, or any wish to be beloved againe, yet so much of my heart was allowed for passion to a woman, my secret Vowes and inclination ingaged it to *Philicia*, and that for ever, yet now, false that I am, I feare I love *Cartandes* better, thus I am made by doubt unworthy, so much as respect, from either. Love is above mine hope, as farre as I am below them in merit: Even *Arviragus* selfe, a Prince, whose worth and fame's, so great, that conquers whilst a Captive could not deserve the love of either *Philicia* or this Queene, by lesse engagement then his heart entire, and shall I dare to offer mine by th'selves, a sacrifice to them and love? Pardon thou Deity, tis not want, but excesse of Love, begets irresolution, which time and vertue will decide, that done:

None did or ever shall so fully prove,
By Faith and zeale divinity of love. *Exit.*

Enter Philicia *in the habit of a man, and* Liriana.

Phi This happinesse by much exceedes our expectation, resolving to be taken prisoners, wee find all freedome in the Campe.

Li. It is true, nor is there any fear of *Arviragus* being sacrificed, but rather there are Altars raising unto him as to a God, by this is evident the power of Princes.

Phi. Rather the power of vertue, whose eminence in *Arviragus* compel'd this Queene spight of her vow, and former hatred, to save his life, and yeeld all power into his hands, and though her own ends I must think, did move her chiefly, she does deserve from me all love and service. *Enter two Dames.*

1. Let

1. Let all avoyd this place, the Queene is comming hither.

Phi. Sir, may it be permitted to a ſtranger only to ſee the Queene?

1. You may as ſhe paſſe by.

Phi. Many thanks ſir.

Enter Cartandes *led by* Arviragus, Guiderius, Cleanter.

Arv. Moſt Noble *Arviragus*, we now begin to taſte our ſelfe the ſweetnes of the mercy ſhow'd to you, for by the vertue of your perſon and command our Army is encreaſt, men and all proviſion above your wiſh and delight, ſince it proceeds from you: and for this Gentleman your friend, an attribute which does include all worth, we likewiſe hope he will beleeve ther's no favour we can grant, but we ſhall thinke we doe our ſelfe an honor, in conferring it on him.

Guid. Great Queene, he that does hold his life by your free guift, ſhould ſhow he ſcarce beleeved a thanks were due, if he in words ſhould thinke to pay the debt, fortune may yeeld a danger worthy the undertaking ſome action, that may try a heart devoted to your ſervice, then if my acts ſpeaks not my gratitude, let me be ſcorn'd by your divineſt ſelfe, & hated by that friend, for whoſe ſake you eſteeme me.

Car. We doe beleeve more then you can expreſſe, and muſt deſire you in the ſame kind, will oblige us too: Prince *Arvigerus*, we muſt deſire a private conference with you, touching affaires of importance.

Exit, manet Guiderius, Cleanthus & Philicia.

Ar. I wait your Majeſties com nand.

Leads out the Queene, kiſſe her hand.

Guid. Worthy *Cleanthus*, what happineſſe is this we doe injoy above our hopes?

Cle. How much the working of the heavens exceed

our apprehensions, that when we thought destruction neere, their providence had so prepared, to make the Battles losse, the meanes of greater happines.

Guid. It was no little blessing, but to know that there was such a Queene, a Lady of so brave a mind, so beautifull a person, but then to have the meanes to know and serve her, is a happinesse above all else the world can yeeld. *Exit.*

Phi. I am not known to *Arvinagus*, or *Guiderius*, nor doe I thinke I ever shall be, not to my selfe, I feare *Philicia* is not what she was, for is it possible I can be jealous of *Arvinagus* faith to me? I am not jealous, 'tis a just feare, begot by reason the beauty of the Queene, her power, her merits all applyed to him, in the most noble way, besides the rumour that seldome is a friend to innocence, had reason on 'ts side to render me inconstant, my marriage to *Guiderius*, how strange a turne is this in fate? I came to die for *Arvinagus*, having first reveng'd his blood upon a barbarous Queene; but now a Queene so courteous, and a living *Arvinagus*, kill all my joyes, and leave me not the possibility or measure of revenge, for if he judged me false, as sure he did, he is not so, although he love *Cartandes*, who then is guilty of my miserie, *Philicia* or her cruell fortune? fortune if it be thou; 'tis but thy usuall practice, but if my jealousie doe prove unjust,

Then I create a monster to destroy my selfe.
Barks fraught with love soone split upon this shelfe.
Exit.

Enter Cartandes *and* Arvitagus.

Cart. The affaire we are to treate of in which you are to give your counsell and assistance, concernes the life, honor, and happines of one I highly prize.

Ar. The

Ar. The least of these engages all my powers.

Car. I Pray view that picture well.

Takes a Picture out of her bosome.

Ar. It is a face I have been well acquainted with, or rather one that's not unlike it, sure 'tis not mine, it cannot be, if so, how came she by it?

Car. Doe ye not know the face?

Ar. Madam, 'twere arrogance to thinke it mine, considering where you kept it.

Car. Be not a greater friend unto civility then truth: were it not *Arviragus* picture, I should as much containe my selfe for wearing it, as I doe honour him, I see ye are amaz'd, and ye have cause, bee pleas'd to sit, whil'st I relate a story, that will unriddle all my actions, and chase this wonder from you.

Ar. Madam, I shall with such a reverence hearken, as if a Deity would to a curious mortall unshadow some much covered mysteries.

Ar And in the plaine and simple dialect of truth, Ile lay my heart naked before you. —— When to my brother still, the sad newes came of such defeates as here his men received, (and you the Authour) his hate to you unjustly, did not grow so fast, as my esteeme waranted by vertue, since what you did, was in defence, both of your Prince and Countrey, yet the first sparkes of love, tooke fire from emulation, wishing my selfe a man, that in a combat I might loose my life, or take from you those glorious spoyles, that even your enemies were forc'd to dresse you in that thought, though vaine, yet prompted to a curiosity more fruitfull, which was to see what forme he bore, that in his acts of courage and humanity, so farre exceed all, and this was by obtaining your picture satisfied, but from that satisfaction grew so great a flame

that emulatious curiosity were lost in it, and now it was no wonder, that the substance, by that shadow represented should conquer all, when my proud heart was made a captive from the sight of it: to hide this love, I often was obliged to heare my brothers curses, uttered against this Ile and you, nor did I sticke at last, to faine a hatred equall to his, which he beleeving reall, at his death engaged me in a promise, of passing with the Army then in readinesse into this Ile; appointed that inhumane sacrifice to *Mars*, for good successe, the unhappy lot fell on your friend and you, and by my cunning, no other inspiration of a Deity, then that of love, you were preserved, nor can I thinke indeed, that any other is so powerfull, since it h th made me, whom Kings have sued for, thus to relate the passions of my soule, and seeme to beg releese from one mymercy hath preserved.

Ar. Let such a faith, and such a reverence as wee doe bring to heare an Oracle, cleare me of vanity, though I beleeve the story of your fore past love, which by another told, would seem a fable invented to abuse a credulous eare, but reason, which justly circles me with wonder, assures me, that by this you see the power of fame and fancy, and quickly wi'l releeve your selfe from their abuse.

Cor. How meane you by that?

Ar. This shadow hath some resemblance, but marke well, and you shall find the Painter grossely flattered; but fames abuse, y ur selfe can witnesse best, she to your eare alwayes delivered me a Conquerer invincible, dresst in the spoiles of others, but when truth shall informe how you have ever seene me, yet fame showes a lowder lyer then the Painter, the Battles losse, after the which, I proved a prisoner, justly takes from me the opinion of a Leader,

suffering

suffering my selfe to be surprized, and beaten by an enemy, which I cõtemn'd, but could you see my mind, which doubtlesse, you beleeved compos'd of vertue, how much I am defective, what falshood I am guilty of, how subject to ingratitude, even where I have beene most obliged; you then must make another judgement, and with reasons helpe conclude, that I am rather worthy of your scorne or pitty, then your love: fame having played the Mountebancke, and I although not guilty, yet the mature subject of her falshood, that worthlesse peece, for which you were to pay your heart; a Iewell which all the vertue, fames and excellence of the world cannot without the free addition of your bounty purchase.

Cas. You that taxe fame of falshood, should your selfe feare to undergoe that censure, the world testifying upon her side against you, but for your secret faults, 'tis true the conscience is a thousand witnesses, if not, I do already see so farre, I durst condemne you for ingratitude and folly, since you refuse a tender of that heart you so much magnifie, yet it had beene a greater injury to love, a greater torment to my selfe, to have conceal'd longer a passion justifiable to the world, since placed on him whom all love and admire: but having thus breathed forth my passion, enlarged it to your knowledge, I hope I shall (unles you joyne) in time, withdraw much of the fewell that maintaines loves fire, and with the generall world admire your vertues onely. *Exit* Cartander.

Ar. She's gone in passion, and with me shee leaves no little portion of her trouble, I wish her hate to me had not beene counterfeit, the sacrificing knife could not have caus'd a paine like the distraction I doe feele, from the relation of a love so Noble, whose every circumstance addes lustre to the owner, and layes an obligation

Vpon me, the object of that love so great, that time, torment, nor Death cannot deface, and yet I must not love her as a Mistresse, that were not gratefull, but injurious, since breach of faith unto *Philicia* must render me unworthy, and she deserves the best blessings humanity can yeeld——

In this destraction who shall be my guide,
Ingratitude doth threaten here, and on this side,
Falsehood in love, if I to either yeeld,
Vertue is slaine and passion wins the field,
Oh rather let this heart, where the field's fought,
By their contention be consum'd to nought.

ACT. III.

Enter Eugenius *and* Sinatus *as is prison.*

Eug. Sinatus, whether shall we believe this our enlargement in the prison, to see and speake with who we please, is granted as a farewell to the world, or a prologue to prepare a way for a full freedome both of our persons, and from the slander that hath lane so heavy on us.

Sin. Doubtlesse my Lord, our innocence is known, *Adrastus* questioning declares no lesse, to whom if they doe offer tortures, as it is reported, upon my life he will confesse, though it should cost his head, cowards so apprehend the present paine, that it confounds their present judgement, to force a future, although greater.

Eug. How ever, should we dye, since innocent, that griefe will not be balanc't by the joy, to know our deaths shal be revenged by *Arviragus*, who hath ful power

powers both of the *Danish* Queene, and her most puissant Army, feare of our danger makes our present usage better, not that the King can change his cruell nature, his smile I ever must suspect as dangerous, unlesse I could forget who was his Father.

Sin. I must confesse I doe not thinke him the best of men, yet till his envy to *Arviragus* grew to a hight, he was a hopefull youth, and aim'd at generosity, but being of a haughty Spirit, and over-mastered by the others merits, he scorn'd it seemes to be a second, and therefore chose a different way, though much the worse, perhaps those sparkes of vertue are but smothered: not put out, and ill successe in vice, a mercy in the Gods may make them yet breake forth a glorious flame, to warme each subjects heart with joy, may I but live to see that day, I might conclude him Vertuous, although I died the next, it would not grieve me.

Eug. I must confesse 'tis piety in you that are his subiects, to hope and wish this, but as for me that am anothers in heart, and by my birth, with whom it is impossible hee can be reconcil'd, I cannot wish him so much happinesse to grow better, 'Tis impossible his thoughts are now bent on a base designe, the ruine of my daughters honour, before attempted, and doth he thinke that heaven, and a Fathers eyes pierces not through all clouds, that by his cunning can be cast before us?

Sin. In all your feares, I hope yee are mistaken, we must allow to man, repentance of his ills, or else the powers must want that attribute of mercy which they delight in, and by the which, they are most magnified.

Enter Artemia *with a Letter in each hand.*

Art. I will againe peruse them ere I yeeld beleefe to either. My fathers letter first. *Letter.*
So may a hungry Lion crouch and bow,
Till by that croſt, he get within his power
That pray which he intends for to devoure:
Luſt often makes, but ſeldome keepes a vow.
That Bird that ſcapt the ſnare unpittyed dies,
If it ſtay gazing on the Fowlers eyes.
Can there be any thing in this other, knowing the falſhood of the man, knowing from whom it comes, to hinder my obedience, to this warning of my fathers? yes, there is pleaſing falſhood in it, this though all reaſon ſpeake it truth, 'tis a hard text, but yet muſt be obeyed; which that I may, in pieces I will teare this charme, and yet it were but fit, that I againe ſhould read it, ſo in mind to regiſter his falſhood, which may incite me to a full revenge, for all mine and my fathers wrongs, when time ſhall grant us power: 'tis better teare it, yes no, I muſt read it once againe. *Letter;*
What you have read expreſt by inke,
If you miſdoubt my love will not make good,
Such cruelty will change the inke to blood.

Guimantes.——

Oh cruell fate, that all this ſhould be falſe,
'Tis falſe, 'tis falſe, which thus I will revenge.
Teares it.

Enter King.

King. Decreſt *Artemia*, in ſo great paſſion! what guilty

guilty paper is it you punish?

Art. I should my Lord perhaps have ſpared the paper, had the ſender bin as innocent.

King. It was my feare—— *Takes up the paper.* Can ye be faithleſſe yet? oh love, how falſe thy comforts are: when ſhall I dare to hope a recompence, when yet my ſufferings have not gain'd beleefe?

Art. It were prepoſterous, nay impoſſible, for the effect to be before the cauſe.

King. What cruelty is this to ſpeake, as if you could beleeve I could not love?

Art. It were a cruelty unto my ſelfe, greater then you can name, to wiſh you ſhould.

King. Why ſhould a Princes love be ſo offenſive?

Art. A Princes love next that to heaven, is it all mortals covet, nay moſt fix, there, and looke no further: but as the pureſt things, if once corrupt, become of meaneſt value, ſo Princes favours, which are onely ſeemings, not firme and reall in their ſubſtance, are like the deadlyeſt poyſons to be ſhun'd, eſpecially by women, but I am arm'd by former wrongs, ſo fortified againſt your vowes, that could you by your ſhowes of paſſion deceive the Gods, and ſo ingage them as the ſureties of your faith, I rather would flie off from their obedience, as ignorant defective powers, then yeeld unto an amity with one that's oppoſite to all that's true, or noble.

King. It is againſt my will that I am oppoſite to truth or nobleneſſe, for I would faine an intereſt in your ſelfe, ſo to participate of all perfection, not could I thinke, for ſuch a purchaſe my Crowne could be too deare a prize, if you which yet you not beleeve, ſhould not become a looſer by it, and know

know cruell *Artemia*, if neither time, nor yet the services I shall doe, can make you see the truth of my affection, I will like you grow marble; be more cruell to my selfe then you can wish, my heart which whilst I love you I must cherish your picture, being there inshrin'd, shall from the madnesse of my passion and despaire, bee ript before you, that you there may read unjust suspition fooled you to a deed of horror, whose guilt shall make you ever wretched, this by the sacred powers, I will performe.

Art. Can this be yet dissembled?

King. But if you can looke on me with the eyes of reason, and that produce a pitty of my sufferings, thinke but how welcome will such mercy be, and my poore heart scorch, with the beams, that shoot from those bright eyes, shall like the parched earth sucke up the heavenly comforts you let fall, then shall you glory in my faith, my gratefull soule unto it selfe record, the sweetnesse of your pittie; from, and to both will rise a spring of joyes, which shall for ever flourish.

Art. If I be mistris of that power which you professe, it will not be ill manners though I leave you.

King. But there is in it much of cruelty unlesse you bid me love, that I may live.

Art. Doe justice to my father and *Sinatus*, which is to cleare them, and when you returne, I will pronounce your sentence, if ye be mine so much, as you professe, I am to signe your passe-port to the *Elisium* shades.

King. 'Tis not to be denied, for your must there become the matter of my blisse, without you that Paradise were hell.

Exit.

Enter Cartandes Guiderius *and others.*

Of. What answer will it please your Majestie to give the Herald, who from the besieged King desires safe conduct for an Embassadour?

Car. What answer will I give, why knowes not *Oswald*, on whom I have confer'd all power? let him attend Prince *Arviragus*.

Of. To make your selfe a stranger to a businesse of this nature, were to forget your safety.

Car. Oswald, to teach your Princes is to forget your duty; when *Arviragus* shall neglect or injure me in what he stands engaged, let the Gods likewise cast me from their care, for rather let me perish, then mistrust his vertue, go and attend his will, we would be private, *Guiderius* you may stay,——

Exeunt Oswald *and others.*

Guid. I shall attend your Highnesse.

Car. Arviragus faith's engaged unto another, and that's the cause, hee entertaines my love, with so much coldnesse; his answers all were sharpe civilities: Ile see if I can from *Guiderius* attaine a perfect knowledge, if I be not mistaken he can hardly deny me any thing, nor does he nor any know more then by guesse, that I love *Arviragus*.——*Guiderius*, if *Arviragus* doe consent, who doe you thinke the King will send to treat, or what may we conceive will be his message?

Guid. Madam, both are beyond my meane conjectures.

Car. Rather ye are reserved, wee should have answered you with greater freedome.

Guid. Madam, I shall be miserable, if you beleeve I should not glory in obedience to your least commands, more then in being master of all other power,

power that did not tend unto your service.

Car. Certainely, you Picts and Saxons have a custome of professing, and never feare you should be taken at your word, we Danes are rude, but yet more faithfull, scorning to speake but what we wish should be beleeved.

Guid. Were it the use of others, yet it is not so with me, or were it, you are a Divinity, to whom I durst not speake or seeme, but what in truth, I am one that beleeves no blessing like your favour.

Car. How shall I trust this? suppose that *Arvinagus* should enjoyne one thing, and I the contrary, your friendship unto him, would make you unto me prove disobedient, see then how farre your protestations are above your power or resolution.

Guid. I know that he's so much yours oblig'd by all your favours, that when he knew what were your pleasure, he soone would cease to have a will, other then what should waite on yours.

Car. Since you evade this supposition, as you thinke, I will a little vary it; put case you have a Mistresse, rather your friend, for I esteeme you one, this Mistresse does command you, or your friend, what I approve not, how then shall you obey, without the breach of faith?

Guid. When you shall make me happy by commanding, I shall not lose that blessing by my disobedience.

Car. It seemes onely your friend then hath a Mistris.

Guid. Madam, that does not prove he hath, that I have none, whom I dare stile so.

Car. This your equivocation makes me now in earnest, and shall no longer save you from falshood, or disobedience.

Guid. What meanes the Queene?

Car. Did

Cor. Did *Arviragus* ever love?

Guid. He hath.

Cor. Whom doth he now love best.

Guid. That's more then I can say, since hee hath seene an Argument so powerfull to beget a change.

Cor. Doe you beleeve my beautie is so great, to stagger such a faith as his?

Guid. Madam, I have cause, and yet I judge that beauty the least part of your perfections.

Cor. It would be no little happinesse I see, to have that person I should love, receive my Character from you.

Guid. Not from my flattering tongue, but could my heart be read, and that he might equall the patterne of respect there set before him, there were no other cause of feare, but an offence against the Deities, by your rivality with them, witnesse by your devotion of your victory.

Cor. Does all of your Country speake in this obliging way?

Guid. All that speake truth, and speake of you, can say no lesse.

Cor. Ile try the conversation of some others, and if I finde them such, still when I would be flattered, I will admit of none, but those borne in this Ile.

Guid. Indeed, the policy would not be ill, for by conversing, you might conquer without bloodshed.

Cor. Why, doe you thinke I should so oft be in your humour to be flattered?

Guid. It were not in your power to be so, if all like me spoke but their thoughts, 'tis not the hearer, but the speaker makes the flattery, no more can you be flatter'd when I prayse, then when wee pay to heaven our best devotion, since truth

truth, but with some difference gives to both their motion.

Car. But yet I must not thinke you by this oyly way, obtaine so strickt a friendship with Prince *Arviragus*.

Guid. Certaine no other, how-ever you are pleas'd to terme it, for how can friendship knit without professions be made really, or they but where there's love, and faith, and love to entertaine those offers, then does two soules unite, from whence doth rise to Gods and men, such joyes, as none can speake, that have not entertained the blisse of love or friendship, those I count on, yet love the more refin'd, as being that great happinesse the wise Creator made for us, but friendship betwixt man and man, hath some defects, which proves it is our owne election.

Car. It seemes a friendship then twixt you and me, or rather *Arviragus* and my selfe, for the equality, would give a luster, might raise much happinesse to us and others? I see this moves you by this silence, seeme to contradict what you proposed, as the most happy amitie, are we not man and woman, equall in birth, in worth as I doe gather from your praise, and love to both, why then should we not joyne in perfect friendship?

Guid. Vertue may command the contrary, you are perhaps engag'd.

Car. To none so much as him.

Guid. If he were free when first he saw you, it is impossible but in his soule he begs this honour, you propos'd, if well observed, you by his sighs and sad lookes, emblemes of pure devotion, shall soone perceive your selfe the Saint that he adores.

Car. I yet am ignorant, what kind of sighs or sad lookes you doe meane.

Guid. Like

Guid. Like those you may observe sometimes in me.

Cor. But you professe to have no Mistris, so yours and consequently his must needs be counterfeit, nay so is all mankind in their professions, which since I know, have not so meane a thought of me as to beleeve the least of what I spoke for earnest, yet thinke not but I highly prise *Arviragus* merits, nor am I ignorant of yours, or the respect you pay me, but as for love, my breeding in the Warre, hath frighted from me such soft things, unlesse as now I entertaine discourse of it, to set off glorious Warre in the full luster, this siedge growes tedious, I wish,
We either might assault, or else assailed be,
Nothing's so much irksome as uncertainty.

Gui. Think Madam then, what torment they endure,
That needs must dye, yet of that time unsure,
And if your payne, rise from uncertainetie,
Then pitty such, if but from sympathie. *Exit.*

Enter Oswald, Aldred, *a Captaine.*

Os. This confidence the Queene expresses in *Arviragus*, makes evident she dotes in love, how ever she pretends onely a respect due unto his worth, there is no question she will marry him, and we shall all become his slaves.

Ald. My Lord this language ill becomes your duty, nor is it wisedome in you, 'tis not the necessesse of your blood that could excuse you from the Queenes anger, and justly should the greatest punishment fall on you, that are ungratefull for the blessings we receive by *Arviragus* government.

Cap. Most certaine, we are all most happy in our Generall

Os. You are all most happy in the gift of flattery, and

and ignorance, I could almost wish what I feare, that we might be betrayed, to have you punisht, for my part I beleeve that *Arviragus* and *Sinatus*, the Kings Embassadours, are in their secred counsell, setting downe the ruine of the Danes, which is as easily wrought, as to reconcile the Picts and Saxons, a wondrous worke indeed, since all of one lle and faith.

All. O my Lord, your feares are vaine, ther's neither will nor power.

Of. The will is apparent, by the secret conference, although the Queene her selfe refused to heare the Embassadour, yet why were we her Counsell not admitted, but all negotiated in private, as if the Danes, were not concernable, because a Pict is Generall.

All. But if that Pict be in his vertue, judgement without his equall, and have engaged his honour for our safety, what should we feare, but lay those by, yet there are other tyes to bind him fast, a Kingdome, and a Queene, the very hope but of possessing whom, is more then to be a Monarch of the earth besides.

Of. Oh.

All. This pinches my Lord, whose vanity doth make him hope one day to get the Queene and Kingdome for himselfe, that hope thus croft, begets these murmurings against the Queen and *Arviragus*.

Cap. Most certainely it doth.

Enter Arviragus *and* Sinatus.

Ar. When I have made these propositions known unto the Queene, an answer shall be sent unto the King, in the meane time no hostile act must passe on either side, on forfeit of our honours.

Sin. 'Tis

Sin. 'Tis our agreement, which shall be observed.

Exeunt Sinatus.

Ar. How narrow is the path I am to tread, I have engaged that faith now to *Sinatus*, that to *Cantandes* was engaged before——and I must injure neither, nor shall it need, yet make my selfe most happy.

Enter Cleanthes.

Now *Cleanthes.*

Cle. Sir there is a Pictish youth, that hath beene most importunate to speake with you.

Ar. What is he?

Cle. He seemes by many particulars which he tells, to have beene long acquainted with me, yet I confesse I cannot call him to memory, but sure henceforeward, I shall not forget him, he is every way so singuler: will you heare what he would say? and I dare almost promise, what so ere it be, you shall be pleas'd with him, if not with it.

Ar. Bring in this rarity.

Cle. I shall sir.

Enter Philicia.

Ar. A lovely youth indeed, yet but one eye, nature it seemes, fearing she had bestowed too much perfection upon one, to pacifie her injured children, darkened the splendor of the worke, or rather fortune envying the glory nature should receive, opposed her strength, to lessen this so excellent a piece.——— I am informed ye are a Pict, and that you have desired to speak with me.

Phi. 'Tis truth, with this addition, that our conference may be private, since what I have to say, may happily concerne your life.

Ar. My

Ar. My life, 'tis indeed a weighty busines, and me thinks, should not come within your managing.

Phi. The greatest somtimes may have use even of the meanest hearb or simple that doth grow, to heale a wound, or by its mixture, cure some malady, why then should you beleeve one of the sons of men, for whom the best, and all the creatures had their beings, should not be capable to doe you such a service, as might merit your attention, and onely yours.

Ar. Sure I have heard this voyce before—yes gentle youth, though thou brought'st danger, as thy promises speaks safety, I would give thee hearing, were it the businesse of a day, thou hast to speake, leave me *Cleanthes*—Now speake— *Exit Cleanthes.*

Phi. First, you must be so much a friend unto your selfe, to thinke me such, and from that conference discover the message, that *Sinatus* brought you from the King, your answer backe to him, nay more your present resolution in that point.

Ar. But can you thinke I will doe this upon your bare profession?

Phi. You must doe more, or else I cannot serve you.

Ar. More cannot be.

Phi. Yes, I would know touching *Cartandes* love and yours, and after marriage, where you meane to make abode, in *Britaine*, which will soone be conquered, or else returne with her to *Denmarke*.—

Ar. Thou dost amaze me with this folly *Cleanthes*.

Phi. Stay—heare me out, and if what now appeares like folly, proves not reason, then let me feele your anger.

Ar. Be briefe then, I must leave you else

Phi. So, weary of my company, *Aside.* Even through this cloud, if he were not inconstant, the simpathie of love will show his force.— *Weeps.*

Ar. Why does he weepe, what meanes this sor-

row?

row? if it growes from me, your strange demands are onely guilty: or can I lay my heart open to one I saw before.

Phi. Ye may, when ye doe know the pawne I will engage for service.

Ar. What pawne?

Phi. My life, when you have laid open your mind to me, and what I then shall speake you not approve, or feare I shall discover, rip up my heart, and see the truth of my intent: or if such crueltie you like not, keepe me where I shall never see mankind, but your mistrustfull selfe.

Ar. This were a way indeed to be secured.

Phi. If so, for your owne safety be perswaded, can you beleeve I should doe this, without some grounds of reason?

Ar. Thou hast ore come, and I will lay my heart open, but be assured, if I doe find thee trivial, I shall inflict the punishment thou doest propose.

Phi. Else you shall doe an injury to me.

Ar. Stay there——— *Fetches in a head.* See here *Adrastus* head, who often did attempt to murther me, now sent by the King as witnesse of his love, and reconcilement withall, I by *Sinatus* am invited to leave *Cartandes*, and joyning with *Guimantes*, and the other Princes of the Ile, chase hence the Danes, and for a recompence of this, which in it selfe admits of a dispute, he superads a hopinesse, which but to thinke upon, makes my glad soule enjoy a heavenly blisse.

Phi. And mine—speake but the ground of all joy, and I am satisfi'd.

Ar. 'Tis to be more then Monarch of the earth, by possessing my *Philicia*.

Ph. You Gods let me no longer live if I must change this joy to feele the paine of jealousie again—*Sounds.*

Ar. What flood of passion's this, I see he's no counterfeit, *Cleanthus*, hoe *Cleanthus*. *Enter* Cleanthus. He recovers, speake gentle youth, how doest thou?

Phi. Well—so well, I scarcely can be better—— O my deare Love, doest thou not know me?

Ar. Ha deare Love! joy & amazement strive within me, againe name but that word of love, and let mee loose to such a joy, as must know a bounds—'tis she, O my *Philicia* I could a disguise like this, hide thee from me, pardon, O pardon such a dulnesse.

Silent actions of passion, kisse her hand.

Ph. Cleanthus sees, and shame confounds me now as much as joy, O let me hide my selfe, the habite I have on, I feare will make me blush to death.

Ar, You need not feare his eyes, whose heart is mine.

Phi. That you your selfe should see me in the habite of a man, would much displease, did I not glory in the cause, that made me put it on, to die with you or worke your safety, which safety now is threatned more then ever, you must not yeeld unto the Kings desires, he's false, and seeks your ruine too plainely, witnesse since he offers me as your reward, yet knew I was not in his power ro give; feare of his falsehood made me presse to speake with you, although I thought to find you most unconstant, pardon that jealousie, whose working hath conduced much to your happinesse and mine; but I am frighted still to looke upon this habite, yet knowne to be *Philicia*.

Arv. O Deerest Lady, where can there be a way left in the power of fortune for me to quit these obligations?

Phi. How ill doe these professions suit our loves?
Where faith is once ingag'd all acts are due,
If either think they can oblige, they are not true.

ACT

ACT. IIII.

Enter Cartandes.

Car. Ile teare this *Arviragus* from my heart, assist me reason in so just a cause, canst thou be wanting? thou flatterest too; perswaded me: love told me that vertue was in him most eminent, and such an eminence onely becomes *Cartandes* to affect: but, tell me now, does it become *Cartandes* to continue love to one ingrate, for such a love as hath no parallell; a fire did my in bosome for so many months, almost till my consumption, and when it was permitted to breake forth, O misery! to thinke all the returne it brought was cold neglect, and scorne, and can I suffer this from any mortall: *Cartandes* woo, and be neglected! if love barre me revenge on him, yet from my selfe I merite hate, and by selfe punishment will take revenge, but how? resolve my selfe never to see him more; bid farewell to this Ile and him, it must be so, or I shall fall beneath the honor of my birth.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Pardon dearest Lady this intrusion, on your retyrement, I knew not of your being here.

Car. Stay, Ile give some intermission to my tormenting thoughts, nor doe I ever finde it more, then when I doe converse with him, wher's Prince *Arviragus*?

Guid. Giving order touching provision for the Army.

Car. He does not thinke us worthy of his company, though we commend that care, we would not be our selves neglected.

Guid. 'Tis

Guid. 'Tis an accent of duty makes him absent.

Car. We doe beleeve you pay us a respect greater then his, and yet we oft enjoy your company.

Guid. His charge engages him, and me the blessing I enjoy, to see & heare a person of such excellence.

Car. My exellence rests onely in your opinion, and never reaches to his apprehension: oh I must ease my heart, and when can I discharge the burthen better, then upon one, whom I beleeve will have a sence of my afflictions, and faith and secrecie not to discover?

Guid. Though when I know you are unhappy, it will be an addition to my griefes, yet shall no overflowing of my tongue relate what I am trusted with; for I will place your sufferings in the profoundest of my heart, my owne shall flote above, yet I should hate my selfe, if mine were visible to any, but the deare cause of my afflictions; how most injurious I am to my selfe, to give title to the pleasing paines of love.

Car. Mine are not such, yet love's the cause ther's a mixture of disdaine and anger, that renders, even my selfe and him, if possible offensive hatefull, O that it were so, I speake I know not what, nor is it strange in such confusion of my thoughts; that contradictions from my tongue should fall, O *Arviragus*, the happy, most unhappy cause of my distractions, didst thou now stand before me, as when appointed for the Sacrifice, the sense of thy ingratitude would raise my anger up to thy destruction, but soone I should revenge such rashnes on my selfe, by my own death. O cruell love, O cruell fate, to fixe my love where vertue bars me a returne!

Guid. O cruell fate, that fixes mine, where an accesse of merit forces love, and kills, even possibility of hope.

Car. Had

Cæ. Had I my ſelfe no need of pitty, I could grant it to another.

Guid. Is it poſſible the ſenſe of paine ſhould make you cruell, rather by an act free your ſelf, raiſing ſome other to a happineſſe no mortall ever knew ſo great? reaſon aſſures nature, never intended ſuch perfections ſhould beg love as an almes; yet when you ſhall deſcend ſo low to crave his heart, he cannot give you one worth the receiving, ſince he ſhall ſhow ingratitude to ſo much truth, as the whole world does not againe poſſeſſe.

Cæ. Can her deſerts to him, be more then mine? conſider well my actions.

Guid. I cannot ſay that her perfections equal yours, yet they admit of no comparisons beſides, but were it ſo, to both his obligation equall, her debt in juſtice muſt firſt be ſatisfied, which no leſſe can performe then his whole faith: faire Creditor, be favorable then to him, to me his friend, who ſtand engaged for all he owes, and though I dare not ſay my heart is a treaſure worthy to diſcharge the principall, yet as intereſt money, or a ſurety, till fortune make him able, take the engagement of a faith, that cannot know a ſhorter date, then my laſt gaſp.

Cæ. Guiderius, I was not ignorant before, who was the object of your paſſion, and bring my ſelfe in love, loves language not diſpleaſed me, but now after this declaration to my face: neither my quality, nor love to *Arviragus* doe permit me heare you more; this I thus plainely tell you, leaſt you ſhould rayſe a hope both prejudiciall to your ſelfe and me, no flattery being ſo dangerous as that of lovers to themſelves.

Enter Arviragus.

Ar. I come to waite upon your Majeſtie for an affaire of no ſmall conſequence.

Cæ. Yet

Cur. Yet I am confident youle leave unspoken one of greater, O *Arviragus* is this my resolution: first break my heart, ere I againe expresse the least of passion, Whats your affaire?

Ar. Your counsell wait, without whom I desire to be a Witnesse of my proposition.

Cur. The councell, another time Ile heare it.

Ar. It doth not well admit of a delay.

Cur. It shall bee Sir, if it be in me to cause it.

Ar. What moves the Queene?

Cur. That was soo much the other way, oh Love, how hard it is to hide thy power, when even by shewes of Anger or neglect, wee to the experience't doe proclame thee most.

Ar. Know ye the cause the Queene is thus.

Gui. Yet though yee did not tell me, 'tis that shee loves you who cannot requite her?

Ar. Oh thinke not so.

Guid. Ha——shall I beleeve you love her?

Ar. By all the Gods equall unto my selfe: what i'st I would not undertake to serve her?

Guid. Not breake your faith I hope.

Ar. My Faith——I mean within the bounds of vertue, for never man was more oblig'd, then I to this brave Queene, Pardon divine *Phisicia*, thou art still excepted, when either Love or Obligation is named.

Gui. I must confesse I would not have you love the Queene, for if you did, then I must hate you, yet certainely *Cartander* hath done more to oblige you, then Fortune ever gave *Phisicia* power.

Ar. No *Guiderius*, come with me to my tent,
There will I make thee know,
That I to her more then the Gods doe owe. *Ex.*

Enter King *and* Sinatus.

King. I wonder much *Sinatus* wee heare not from Prince *Arviragus*, you say he willingly did entertaine the offer of our love.

Sin. At first hee heard unwillingly my offers of a peace, but when I seconded my propositions with tender of *Philicia* for his wife, and did engage my faith, I Judged your kindnesse reall to my opinion, heseemed absolutely won, promised to send some trusty Messenger, that fully should conclude the Treatie, but Sir what is the reason none are permitted to see your Sister.

K. Alas *Sinatus*, she is not to be seene by us.

Sin. How Sir?

K. Shee's fled.

Sin. Ha.

K. Sinatus here I call the Heavens to witnesse, I was deceived as wel as others, beleeved she kept her chamber, when she was gone.

Sin. O Sir, you have undone your selfe, and mee, if you intended really to give your Sister, yet 'tis impossible that *Arviragus* can believe it, now your Sister will perswade the contrary, who certainely in some disguise is fled to him, and *justly* am I thought the trecherous instrument of this deceit.

K. Sinatus be not grieved 'tis the intention makes the person guilty, and *mine* I sweare were then, and yet remaine full of all goo I to *Arviragus*.

Sin. But that you are my King, I would scarce credit this profession, thinke now Sir what you are to doe, to appeare worthy *Arviragus* friendship, without which, there is no preservation for your selfe or State,

King. We hope we are not in a cause so desperate, *Eugenius* no wayes is of your opinion.

Sir. 'Tis well sir, if *Eugenius* heart be yours, after so many injuries, I would not sir accuse, though I mistrust, he's one of a high mind, withall suspitious, and from his owne thoughts, judges your actions: this sir, were base in me, but that it tends to my Princes preservation: take heed your love unto *Artemia*, give not her father power to worke his ends upon you, I know he once did hate you deadly.

King. So did *Artemia*, but now she is more gentle, and if I not mistake, shares in my flame, what can *Eugenius* ayme at more then to be father in Law unto his Prince: see where they come. ——— *Enter* Eugenius *and* Artemia.

Divine *Artemia*, thou bright Starre of comfort, which but appearing with a cheerefull looke, doest by that influence, chase from me in an instant all my discontent: shine but thus gracious ever, and fortune hath no power to make me suffer.

Ar. May Fortune cease to be adored, when she's not auspicious to your Wishes.

King. My Lord I must acknowledge these favours to your kindnes, whileſt she speakes thus, make knowne your wishes, and they are obeyed.

Eug. Mine Sir, must first tend to your happinesse, before they are permitted to reflect upon my selfe, and the first step to that Sir, is your safety here Sir, are yee beseeged? yet all men live in so much plenty, eate and drinke, as if their store could neere be spent, hoping upon uncertaine succours or Treaties, of some peace, which all may fayle, and we be left to the extremity of famine: this to prevent, such order would in time be taken, as is accustomed in a City thus beseeged.

King. The care is timely, and in the due execution we desire you will oblige us, from henceforth we com-

mand *Eugenius* as our substitute, receive from all perfect obedience touching the Government and safety of the City.

Art. This confidence which you doe repose in him, obliges me no lesse, to pray for the successe, then him to put in act his ablest faculties, for the performance of a charge weighty. *Offers to kneele.*

Eug. Sir.

King. *Eugenius*, Here wee doe receive all thankes, present and expect future happinesse. —*Exit King*, Artemia, *and others, manet* Eugenius.

Eug. Yes Prince, I know thy present joyes fixe there, and would remaine so, till thy lust were satisfied, but I shall coole that heat, nor will my actions scarcely beare the name of falsehood, but in the ocean of thy fathers, and thy treachery, and wrongs to me be lost, or if remembred, cald a wise prevention, at worst a just revenge, upon a perjur'd and dissembling Tyrant. *Enter the two that mocke him in his disgrace.*

1. Most noble Lord, how excellent and wise a choice his Majestie hath made in our beleefe, our vowed obedience to your least command, we hope shall witnesse.

Eug. You are more cruell in these flatteries, now in my prosperity, then were your scorne in time of my affliction: then I could have revenged, but now civilitie must tye my hands.

2. O My Lord, I hope your goodnesse will beleeve we did but jest, and wisht no hurt?

Eug. Nor doe I thinke you now wish good, and as such harmelesse persons with your pardon, I shall still esteeme.

1. Now by our honours we are yours entirely, or any that the King pleases to favour.

2. Sir, we have beene long Courtiers, and never were observed as stubborne to the will of Majestie, his

his wisedome, makes election, and duty doth from us command obedience.

Eug. But not slavish professions, learne to be men, and I will love you, nay learne but to dissemble well, and Ile imploy you, appeare but to the world honest and worthy, Ile embrace your friendship, be capable to cozen, and you may be usefull, but shallow fooles and knaves, that every child can see, throwe disgrace on the weary Courtier.

Enter Arviragus *and* Cleanthus.

Ar. Welcome still-night that doth invite unto a sweet repose, wearied mortality but unto me more welcome then the rest, a thousand-fest way to my enioying a happinesse, worthy the envy of the Gods, *Cleanthes* make all things ready, and bee carefull none approach.

Clean. I shall. *Exit Clean.*

Enter Phillicia.

Ar. Come forth my dearest, *Cinthia* is to her highest Orb advanc't, 'tis mid of night, in teares these clouds are surely caus'd from gratitude to her, least the bright splendor of your eyes, should darke her shine, there cannot be a realcause of sorrow here.

Phi. O Yes, the very being here is in it selfe a Cause.

Ar. Can yee repent your goodnesse to me?

Phi. No *Arviragus*, but I may quarrell with my Fate, that forces me to give so faire a ground to slander, doe I appeare now like a great Kings daughter, or when our story shall be read, will not some question my vertue iustly, but were there none of these, how much lesse will your satisfaction bee, when You receive mee at your Altar, then if your purchase

purchase of mee had beene with doubts and feares continued, besides the frailty of mans nature must make him of necessity reioyce more to receive a Princes with all circumstance of greatnesse, then one that comes into his Armes, stript of those pleasing glories.

Ar. Since our Essentiall content rests in our selves, and all actions wee have done of consequence have ever aym'd at one anothers goods, you could not suffer for my sake, or I for yours, but it must adde to our affection, if to me would you show lesse glory, as clouded by our Sexes habit, it sets a value upon me, for whose sake you obscured your selfe, not *Alexander* I confesse by all his conquests was ever rais'd to such a hight, for with contempt I looke on what the world stiles most happy, yet all these glories vanish or change into their contrary, unlesse you change the day, and with a clearer beame dry up this killing moysture, no *Ceres* ever felt so dangerous infections, even to the ruine of our Joyes, since it doth show, as if there were suspition or defect of love in one of us.

Ph. O kill me not to say so.

Ar. Why are yee sad, We doe enioy our conversation free, no eye or eare is to disturbe us, a blessing lovers pray for, oft have we done so.

Ph. 'Tis true, and for your conversation, should againe adventure much, but here I am as twere by a constraint, something of modesty or folly, I know not what to call it, since certaine of your Vertue, takes from me all the satisfaction of your company, truth is, I slept not all the last night, nor do I think I shal, if you lye in the same roome.

Ar. (But there's necessity of that to avoid suspition, would you be pleas'd to plight our Faiths, these scruples then would vanish; and we might be more freely happy.

Phi. Kill me rather then utter any syllable to such a purpose.

Ar. Upon my knees I beg forgiveneſſe.

Phi. I scarce can grant it, nor will I, but upon a condition.

Ar. Name it, and be obeyed.

Phi. That you lye further from the bed, as farre as possible.

Ar. What can you feare from me?

Phi. It seemes ye are no sutor for a pardon, that dare expostulate.

Ar. By this faire hand I will obey you.

Phi. In this you onely seale a blanke, your pardon is not drawne up in my heart, nor can be till I be obeyed, pray remove your selfe.

Ar. O cruell *Philicia!*

Phi. Deare *Arviragus*, doe not thinke me such, 'tis not want, but an exceſſe of love, that makes me tender to preserve my selfe, most worthy of you, nor am I very well, caused by my want of sleepe, the enjoying which, onely can restore me, may thy repose be full of all those comforts happy Lovers feele, and if a doubt possesse thy minde, may the divinity of love, give thee assurance by a perfect vision of my heart, then thou shalt find unto thy joy and mine, that never any was so truely loved.

Ar. If then you would not contradict this your profession, you will grant this priviledge, one kisse of your faire hand, whose delicacy is such, it both commands and yet forbids obedience, put me not from you, it seems like banishment, I will retire unurg'd, one touch more I would beg, be not displeased, consider but how you may bleſſe me, and sure you will not frowne although I ayme at this.

Phi. Your importunity and my desire to sleep, onely procures your wish, with which be satisfied.

Ar. I am

Ar. Iam, though not my love, that merits more, sleepe steales upon her, and though she cannot be a witnesse now o my obedience, I will retire, even to the utmest verge, nor can I be displeased in this removall, when I know that I am lodged in the profoundest of her heart, from which assurance and imitation of my better part, a gentle slumber, doe begin to gaine a mastery upon my senses, welcome, thrice welcome, thou sweet refresher of our wearied faculties, how gladly doe I yeeld unto thy charmes?

Enter Cartandes, Oswald, *Lords*, Aldred.

Car. Not love alone, nor that so much as jealousie and curiosity, thrusts me upon this action, which some will censure sharply, who can this be, with whom hee thus retire, and shuts himselfe up, even from his deerest friend *Guiderius*, no way can I arrive at satisfaction, better then by this unexpected and unreasonable visit: all stay without but *Aldred*.

Cle. Who's there?

Car. A friend to *Arviragus*.

Cle. Ha the Queene.

Car. Doe not wake your master, rather retire, I am confident, that you dare trust me in this chamber.

Cle. Madam.

Car. I see you'r trouble, stay, and be witnesse, I will not ravish him.

Cle. What can this meane, or what's my part, advise me heaven.

Car. This is the Prince layd on the floore, what can this meane, does he beleeve those limbs deserve no better place? although in warre he hath beene bred, yet a Commander still, and needed inure himselfe to so much hardnes, ther's more in it sure, here, here's the cause; rather an argument to draw him

neerer, for so much sweetnesse in a face, these eyes never beheld, Nature, where hast thou hid this piece, whose excellence is such, that my amazement questions my faith with doubts, whither it be some new creation, not can I be resolved.

Phi. Oh.

Car. That sigh setles my doubt on the old stuffe, sorrowes are our birth right, but of what Sex is yet my torment, if a Woman, if— it be so, for could he give his bed to a man, or could a man deserving that respect, be so farre wanting in Civility, as to accept it? No 'tis a woman, & she for whom I'm justly neglected, Why Justly? is she a Queene, or are her sufferings for *Arviragus* equall to mine? in both she may exceed, for such respect he payes her, as might content a Deity, if they had beeing on the earth.

Phi. O my deare *Arviragus.*

Car. More then enough, despaire I entertaine from this minute, it is a Woman, were it a man, the mischief were not lesse, now I may hate, then I perhaps might love againe.—Sir.—Sir!

Ar. My deare *Philicia.*

Car. How bitter those sweet words are, no Sir.

Ar. I do not dreame, sure I am yet a sleepe, most gracious Lady, to see you here at this dead time of night may well excuse this my distraction, there is no commotion in the Campe, or secret treason.

Car. The greatest that mans wit or fortune can produce, my utter ruine, and you the ground of all, nay you conceal'd that person from me, that hath already strooke me to the heart.

Ar. I cannot understand you.

Car. This light Ile give you to it.

Ar. What shall I doe——this youth He answer for.

Car. And so shall hee for you, your guilt being equall

equall, a guard there ſeiſe this Prince.

Ar. Ha, ſeiſe me.

Phi. Ah me who's here?

Car. Prince *Arviragus*, ſeek not to make reſiſtance, 'tis impoſſible without ſhedding the blood of thouſands: by what is moſt ſacred I vow, the innocent ſhal have no prejudice; if in this promiſe I doe faile, let a ſwift vengeance ſieze me, but if you will not truſt this promiſe, but bee your owne acquitter, and this youth's, who is by me accuſed of Treaſon, upon your head fall all the blood that ſhall this night be ſhed.

Phi. Although I doe not know the grounds of your ſuſpition and I am ignorant how farre your paſſions may tranſporte you againſt me and this Prince, yet ſince I know our innocence, and what his obligations have formerly bin to you, from that end, your owne Nobleneſſe, I needs muſt hope a fairer iſſue, than from a deſperate oppoſition.

Ar. Is't your opinion then that I ſhould yeeld my ſelfe?

Phi. your former bondage may inſtruct it a happineſſe to be a Priſoner to *Cartandes*, if free from guilt, that confidence will make me ſuffer gladly with you.

Car. In this I muſt deceive your hopes, although you joyned together in my wrongs, your perſons muſt be ſevered.

Ar. This was my feare, invention helpe me, Nob'e Agenor, bee not diſcontented, although our perſons may be ſeparated, our friendſhip ſhall remaine entire for ever.

Car. How's this?

Ar. Sure *Philicia* will conceive me.

Madam bee pleaſed to know you have the Prince of Scotland for your priſoner, whoſe Father if hee ſuffer

suffer injury, hath power to right himselfe.

Phi. I cannot feare it from so sweet a Lady, and yet her eyes without her tongue, have power of life and death.

Cor. What am I courted? for this time sir I will onely imploy my tongue. Let them be separat, yet us'd with all respect:
For in what I feare you cleare your selves from guilt,
Rather then yours my owne blood shall be spilt.

ACT. V.

Enter Artemia.

Art. How strangely are my thoughts devided, how full of contradictions? O the unsufferable paines of an unsettled mind! thou art above expression, beyond the reach of faith in all, but such as have like me, beene tortured by thee; to love by inclination, yet bound to hate by reason, to have oathes, vowes and teares, beget faith, and as it were, destroy it, in the instant of its birth, by a suspicion of his falsehood: Oh, cruell, cruell fate! either worke powerfully suspition in my soule, or wholly quit the place to faith begetting love.

Enter Eugenius.

Eug. How now *Artemia*, thou look'st sad, but know thou hast no cause, the plot I laid hath taken to my wish, and when we please, we may be free leaving this cursed place.

Art. May we sir?

Eug. Thou speak'st not cheerefully: know that the Captaine

Captaine which I told thee of, to whom I did commit the keeping of the Westerne-gate of the City, is so much mine, that he not only will assist our flight, but give us trusty servants to be our guides: I long till I embrace brave *Arviragus* feet, and bath them in repentant teares: why stand'st thou thus, art thou not joyed, to thinke upon thy meeting with *Guiderius*?

Art. I should be glad to see my brother, but sir, will not our flight appeare like treason, the King reposing on your faith his safety?

Eug. Treason? *Artemia*, it scarcely could be counted such if I should kill him ere I left the City, his fathers injuries, and his to me, have beene insupportable.

Art. But sir, if hee now really intend all he makes show of, would not that justly reconcile him to your love?

Eug. Doe you desire to stay behind to be his whore? remember what he once attempted foole.

Art. 'Tis true, but he's much changed, me thinks full of all sweetnesse now of late, O sir.

Eug. I see his flatteries have gain'd upon thee, and thou beleevest him changed, when thou indeed art so *Artemia*, no, thou must not trust him, build on a fathers care, & judgement, whose experience makes him more capable, to know the cunning of a Crocodile, whose practise is to ruine us by our owne pitty, let us remove our selves with speed *Artemia*, out of the sight, or hearing of his charme.

Art. I shall obey sir, when you please.

Eug. Prepare your selfe then, for perhaps this night we will leave the City. *Exit* Eugenius.

Art. Must I forget all those deepe oaths, all those expressions, which I have heard the experienc't, reckon up as marks of love, why should I thinke ther's no faith in men, are they not made of the same

mould

mould, with us, and sure I have not lesse of love for him then I make show of, O would I had, I love him but too much, which blinds me that I cannot see his falshood, —— cannot? rather will not,

Love what it doth not like doth darkly see,
But what doth please, even against truth must be. *Exit.*

Enter Philicia.

Phi. Though my owne miseries presse hard upon me, yet even those griefes beget a sense, and pity of her sufferings that causes mine *Cartandes*, nor is it strange, when I consider *Arviragus*, the ground of both—the Queene. *Enter* Cartandes *and* Aldred

Car. See these things be ready, and wait without.

Phi. I must make good the person of *Agenor*. *Exit* Al.

Car. Sir, I come to see how you doe beare restraint.

Phi. Madam, my usage hath beene such, so noble, my will so fram'd to serve your pleasure, that I before felt no restraint, but sure a prison, by your glorious presence, will soone become the onely place worthy our wish, a Temple where on the Altar of a zealous heart, there may be offered up to you the sacred Deity, the Incense of our pure devotion.

Car. Agenor Prince of *Scotland* might speake this, and thinke so too, for I confesse I not misdoubt my merit, but from *Philicia*, whose soul I know is ful of malice against *Cartandes*, this must not be believed without the forfeit of my judgement —— and know your hate is that I covet, not your love.

Phi My hate, faire Princesse? rust me I cannot pay it.

Car. Leave these disguisings, I come upon no friendly visit, look on me as a rivall enraged with jealousie for such my actions quickly will expresse me. *Exit* Car.

Phi. 'Tis in vaine, I find she knows me for *Philicia*, and Mistris to the man she loves.

Enter Cartandes *with a Cup and a Dagger.*

Car.

Car. Iudge now if I deserve your courting, does my presence make this place pleasing to you, dost thou not tremble at these objects?

Phi. Those objects, nor the employment of them shall not make me guilty, and whil'st they doe not so, they can create no feare.

Car. I trifle, this cup of poyson, *Arviragus* does present you by my hand, and bids you, if you love him, drink it to his health, what do'ye begin to tremble?

Phi. I doe, to heare his name and poyson mixt together in one sentence, but for my selfe, a confident smile, shall meet, and if not checkt, yet triumph over your utmost malice.

Car. Proceed to make this good, ther's matter for the tryall.

Phi. How? to drinke that poyson, ther's no just invitation to it.

Car. You will not drinke this poyson then, for *Arviragus* sake.

Phi. Even for his sake I must not.

Car. Thou God of Love be judge, and crowne the truest Lover in *Elisium*—thus doe I seize my right.

Phi. What meanes the Queen?

Car. Force could not make thee do, what force shall not prevent me from, this draught gives freedome, and all joyes to my deare *Arviragus*, nay makes even thee my hated rivall sharer in his blisse.

Phi Hold.—*Car.* No.

Phi. O hold for *Arviragus* sake—shall I be thus outgone? this cursed draught to hell, how I am lost in admiration, at this love and bravery, here let me kneele in adoration, as to a Deity, for sure your beauty, and these exalted actions speake you more then a mortall.

Car. More then a foole, had I intended really, what I made show of.

Phi. How is this? *Car.* Drinke

Car. Drink poyson for a man that scornes me—nay his heart-blood were a more pleasing draught.

Phi. I am amased, which way shall I direct my faith, where fixe it?

Car. Vpon this point, which is unalterable,—know that as much as I have loved Prince *Arviragus*, so much, nay more, hath *Oswald* been in love with me, (at last his service hath obtain'd what I could not from *Arviragus*,) beliefe and pitty of his sufferings, but whil'st the madnesse of my passion lasted to your servant, I made a vow never to marry any man, but *Arviragus*, yet hee alive, *Oswald* that knowes this, doth presse a combat, which I as gladly grant, prompted by love to him, and present hate to *Arviragus*, who yet if he proves victor, gaines liberty for you and him, to this my oath and honour both shall bind me.

Phi. Can this be true?

Car. I make no doubt of his and your acceptance, the offer being so farre above your hopes, Armour shall be provided, the place I likewise have designed, no witnesse but our selves,
This being performd, justice will force you say,
A Rivall to your joyes showed you a way.

Phi. I must confesse you brave, performe but what you boast,
And I shall onely grieve your *Oswald* lost. *Exit.*

Enter Sinatus *and a Lord.*

Lo. My Lord, as to an Oracle I come for counsell to you, my mind is burdned with a secret of no small importance.

Sin. Be free in speaking it, I shall be so to you in my advice.

Lo. First sweare a secresie.

Sin. You are not just sir, to desire an oath, I co-

vet-

yet not the knowledge of your secret, if you believe me honest, that's a tye sufficient.

Lo. You rightly doe instruct me from that assurance I must discover to you, that woone by *Eugenius*, I have consented to his escape with his daughter, out at that which he committed to my custody, but considering better I find it is not onely his escape that he may ayme at, but happily the ruine of the King and City, whose weakenesse he may discover to the Danes and *Arviragus*.

Sin. No doubt he does intend it, and these your latter thoughts had only power to wash away, ayded by the Kings mercy, the guilt that stain'd you by your rash consent.

Lo. But if this be discovered, I prove the murtherer of *Eugenius*, and his sweet and innocent daughter.

Sin. I shall advise you, as I have ever done my selfe, particular losses, must yeeld unto the generall preservation; and yet alas, is there no safety for the State but in their deaths? must that be recompence for all their former injuries? what is your will? the King must know this from you or me.

Lo. Sir, you are wise and vertuous, this my affaire I wholly commit unto your hands, for there I count my life or honour safe, if one must perish, it will be some comfort, that I lose it by your counsell. *Exit.*

Sin. Althou, h unwillingly, yet as a Counseller, I am bound to undertake it, 'tis hard to rule what is above us, the King I feare dissembles, and thinkes by unjust pollicies, to bring his ends to passe.

Enter King.

King. Know now *Sinatus* consulting with your selfe.

Sin. Yes, but about your safety.

Gui. How am I in danger?

Sin. Be

Sin. Be pleas'd sir, first to tell me, if rash and unfaithfull resolutions may not find mercy, from repentance, and endeavours of amends?

Gui. They are crimes I have beene guilty of, and if like me, they truly can repent, I can forgive, as certaine, as I hope forgiveneſſe.

Sin. I muſt believe you know then, I am inform'd *Eugenius* and *Artemia*, giving no faith to all your ſhowes of love, did worke a meanes for their eſcape to *Arviragus*; the Captaine that made promiſe of his helpe, is hee that now diſcovers their intent.

Gui. Thou wounds my ſoule with this, yet but from thee it could not find beliefe, have all my vowes and teares, gain'd no more faith? ſuſpected ſtill,—ſend ſtraight to fetch that Captaine to me, and in what I ſhall now enjoyne thee, thou beſt of men, crowne all thy former actions.

Sin. Let it be vertuous, and I ſhall know, nor doubt nor danger.

Gui. I durſt as ſoone pray heavens aſſiſtance, as thine to any unjuſt act, 'tis ſuch a ſecret, as I ſcarce dare truſt the ayre with it. *whiſpers.*

Sin. How ſir, 'twere madneſſe.

Gui. Feltſt thou my torment, thou would'ſt account it madneſſe not to doe it.

Sin. O ſir, ther's too much danger.

Gui. The more of love and honor then,
He that like me, juſtly under the heavy burthen of ſuſpition lies,
By actions, even above beliefe muſt ſeeke to riſe.
Exit.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Hither I am come to meet an unknowne foe, by the command of her who hath ſo abſolute a power

power over my soule, that certaine death were by the merite of obedience, made a gainefull purchase, and farre from me be such a thought as death, were not my Armes as strong, my heart as voyd of feare, as any living, yet such a recompence will crowne my victory, that would give strength and courage, to the beseest coward; my wish 'twas, that *Cartandes* vowed to make me master of, if in her power, and in her power, rests my chiefest blisse on earth, I am on fire till I behold an opposite, but whom? I must not question that, not in my thoughts, much lesse expostulate with him our cause of combat, were hee here.

Enter Arviragus.

Ar. Were it a troupe of men, as 'tis a single person that I am to meet, I should encounter them with no lesse hope and courage then now, since 'tis to set *Philicia* free: *Cartandes*, prove but faithful in thy promise, and though thy hatred make thee seek my life, I shall admire thine, and thy servants bravery, ——here's *Oswald*.

Enter Guiderius *armed.*

Guid. I fear'd all was a dreame, but see my wish.

fight.

Enter Cartandes *and* Philicia.

Car. Enough *Guiderius*, hold, O hold *Guiderius*.

Phi. Ha, *Guiderius*.

Ar. How's this?

Guid. Why Madam, doe ye this?

Ar. Do I here right? thy voyce speakes thee *Guiderius*, art thou hee?

Guid. Ha, if you be *Arviragus*, I shall soone be nothing

thing, O falshood, never till this minute hadst thou so glorious a seate, deare Lady take this sword and rip my heart, to see my innocence.

Phi. I should as soone suspect my faith, as doubt thy love to *Arviragus*.

Ar. O Madam, could ye not be content to satisfie your cruelty a common way, but you would make us murtherers of our owne selves?

Cor. Prince *Arviragus*, I had really intended your destruction, perhaps you had not lived now to upbrayd me, your strengths & courages seeming equall, nor you *Guiderius* in your looks, to expresse a soule so discontented: I did not think friendship had wholly taken up your heart; call all that's neere, nay, could the universall world heare my voyce, I would with a just pride, proclaime the ground of all my actions—— know Madame, in that Scene of death with you, I made such tryall of your vertue, and your love to *Arviragus*, that in the ocean of your merits, my sickly hopes were drownd, for I despaired of ever arriving at the haven of blisse, where you may now for ever anchor safely, from me no storme shall rise more to disturbe your peace.

Ar. Can this be true *Philicia*, shall wee believe? will you not change againe?

Cor. Why doe you check your joyes? trust me I will no more vary the Scene, but gladly prove a Priest to joyne your hands.

Ar. Oh you Gods!

Phi. Let me adore this goodnesse.

Cor. Now *Arviragus*, I must turne to you: to make a repetition of the torments I have felt were vaine, for I must tell you, that I still doe love, and must enjoy all that your vertue can permit you grant, nay, I must marry *Arviragus* too.

Phi. How Madam!

Cor. In

Cor. In this his friend I shall enjoy, his faith, vertue, valour, in this last action fully witnesst to me—— *Guiderius*, if beyond this you have a wish, and in my power, name it, and I will see it performed.

Guid. Or this, or in the instant give me death.

Cor. This doubt speaks your love more, and makes you dearer to me.

Guid. Let me not dare to thinke words can expresse my joyes. *A noyse within.*

Ar. What's the matter?

Enter Aldred.

Aldr. Some that are fled out of the City desire to be admitted to your presence.

Cor. Bring them in.

Enter Eugenius, Artemia, Guimanthes, *and two more.*

Eug. First, let me here lay downe my necke, and if you please, receive a Traytors due.

Ar. Eugenius I am both amaz'd and joyed to see you, and where you thinke you need forgivenesse, I must pay you thanks, even for my life, preserved by this your sonne.

Guid. Your blessing sir.

Eug. Never was fathers staines wip't off with so much joy to the offendor, as mine by thee.

Phi. Deare *Artemia* welcome, here thou art safe from false-hood and tyranny.

Art. Madam, I hope so.

Guid. But how sir did you scape the Tyrant?

Eug. 'Tis now some time since he made showes of love unto *Artemia*, and for his ends, used me with all respect, trusted the Government of the City to me, but I have gain'd the opportunity to put my selfe within

within this gracious Princes and your protection, chiefely by imitating him in his dissimulation, but in his showes of love, here's one can witnesse to her griefe, none ever equal'd his falshood. *Discovers.*

Gui. Eugenius, thus I doe disprove thy slander.

Omnes. Ha the King!

Gui. Ha, deare *Artemia*, no longer trust the malice of this father, since to assure my love, I hazard honor, life and Kingdome, behold me here, gladly exposed, even to the utmost rage or injury can prompt you to, and if I fall a Sacrifice to Love, and thee close but my eyes, and shed a teare upon my tombe, such a death will prove by far more welcome, then to live, and have my faith suspected.

. his one act did not my interest bind, yet might for ever reconcile us.

Guid. I will not beg that pardon, which you so freely give.

Ar. And Madam, I must hope, you will believe, *Hymen* and *Mars* but ill agree.

Cor. Deare *Arviragus* know that power you held in both, is not grown lesse, because now we are joyn'd, dispose all how you please.

Ar. Eugenius, are you as liberal?

Eug. I am ready upon my knee to beg this Princes pardon.

Gui. Which sir, I must not suffer, rather would kneele to beg a blessing from you.

Ar. Artemia, if I can read loves language, your eyes expresse the argument of your heart, blush not; receive her sir.

I doe, as what can onely make me blest.

Ar. Hymen provide more Torches:
From your equall loves will rise,
A firme belief that *Cupid* now hath eyes.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

THus at the last, our doubtfull story ends,
With show of marriage, but our joy depends
On your allowance, You may yet undoe
All that is past, and we againe must woe:
For by disliking You forbid our bands,
But if you'r pleas'd, you so do joyne our hands.

Imprimatur,

MATH. CLAY.

Octob. 26.
1638.

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